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THE
HISTORY
OF
NUMA POMPILIUS.
IN THREE VOLUMES.



3508

THE
HISTORY
OF
NUMA POMPILIUS,
SECOND KING OF ROME.

Charles de Florian
K

TRANSLATED
FROM THE FRENCH OF MON. DE FLORIAN,
By Miss ELIZABETH MORGAN.

AND DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

H E R M A J E S T Y.

VOL. I.

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M DCC LXXXVII.



TO THE
Q U E E N.

MADAM,

WHEN your Majesty shall con-
descend to honour the follow-
ing pages with a gracious perusal, the
virtues of a Roman monarch—the
husband of Egeria—will appear so
immediately similar to those of a
BRITISH KING, your Majesty's illu-
strious Consort, as not only to invite,
and

and excuse the idea of a parallel, but to encourage that also of laying them at your Royal feet. If by justice, equity, mercy, bounty, and moderation, Numa secured the felicity of his subjects, do not the attributes which flourish round the throne of a BRUNSWICK, diffuse, among a people not less deserving and grateful, blessings equally important and conspicuous! If, as a son, a husband, a parent, and a master, the aspiring sovereign of an infant state became an exalted example of private imitation, in what less exalted point of view, can a nation,

DEDICATION.

V

tion, meliorated by time and science,
behold the domestic virtues of its
own unrivalled Monarch.

The affinity too, between those
endowments which adorn your BE-
LOVED SELF, and those ascribed to the
ROMAN PRINCESS, is not less observ-
able and exact. Like you, Madam,
the Wife of Numa reigned in the
heart, and shared the blessings of a
delighted people—like YOURS, her
virtues were unnumbered and unwea-
ried!

Deign

VI DEDICATION.

Deign then, most gracious Queen,
to accept from the hands of duty and
veneration, an ANTIQUE MIRROR, in
which the qualities of MODERN ROY-
ALTY, are so justly delineated; and
with it, the gratitude of a faithful

subject and servant,

ELIZABETH MORGAN.

Stable Yard, St. James's ?
1787. }

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ERRATA.

Book I. page 27, line 17, for *our husbands*, read *your wives*.

xvii

NUMA POMPILIUS.

B O O K I.

Tullus, high-priest of Ceres, educates Numa, who is supposed to be his son.—The festival of Ceres.—Tullus informs Numa, that he is the son of Pompilius, prince of the blood royal, descended from the Sabines.—He relates the history of his mother Pompilia—Informs Numa of the death of his parents.—An account of the war between the Romans and Sabines.—An alliance between the two people.—The education of Numa in the temple of Ceres.—The order of the goddesses to send him to Rome.—Numa visits his mother's tomb.—The parting of Tullus and Numa.

NOT far from the city of Cures, in the country of the Sabines, there is erected, in the middle of an ancient forest,

VOL. I.

B

a temple

a temple dedicated to Ceres. The elms, and poplars, which surround it, are as old as the soil which gives them nourishment, and entirely shade the edifice; and the river Cures, after washing its walls, wanders through the gardens of the adjacent houses. In this holy retreat the priests of the goddess, with their women and children, pass their days in prayer or labour, reclining on the bosom of affection. Protected by the divinity whom they worship, nourished by the earth which they cultivate, beloved by their wives, whose constant study is to make them happy, blessed by their children, in peace with themselves, they enjoy a life of serene repose, without either the fear or wish of dying.

THE venerable Tullus commanded as high-priest. At the age of eighty years he

he exercised the sovereign priesthood with all the zeal of a young man, and all the indulgence of an old one. Esteemed by those with whom he lived, respected by all who knew him, he was feared only by the wicked. Favoured by the gods, a sincere friend to man, self never occupied a particle of his thoughts; his prayers were always in behalf of the widow and the orphan. If the citizens of Cures, or the inhabitants of the adjacent country, met with misfortunes, if any uneasiness took place in families, they immediately resorted to the holy forest in search of Tullus. If he heard they were retarded upon the road, the good old man would go and conduct them. He listened to the long and painful relation of their sorrows without ever seeming weary; and, if he could not entirely extricate them from their difficulties, he would assist, ad-

4 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book I.]

vise, and comfort them. The unfortunate always quitted him less wretched, their minds being greatly relieved; whilst Tullus, who thought he had done nothing, would prostrate himself before the goddess, and fervently implore her for the unhappy.

TULLUS having no wife, his whole affections were centered in Numa. Heaven seemed to acknowledge and reward the virtues of the old man, by the gifts he heaped on his adored. Numa had scarcely attained his sixteenth year; and though he excelled in all the graces, his greatest ornament was meekness, which he possessed in an eminent degree. He respected his father equal to Ceres; and, enflamed with an ardent desire to resemble him, he studied the morals and regarded the actions
of

of Tullus. Meditating without ceasing on the precepts of religion, he was desirous to be instructed in all the ceremonies. Prayer and thanksgiving occupied his leisure moments; and his soul, pure as the mild azure of the new-born sky, knew no distinction between duty and pleasure.

THE festival of Ceres was now at hand, which is celebrated very differently amongst the Sabines to what it is at Eleusis; for Tullus suppresses with caution every mystery which he judges unnecessary to the happiness of mankind to be revealed, but thus addresses them: ‘Ought we
 ‘not to offer up our acknowledgments to
 ‘the divinity who is ever present with us,
 ‘and continually giving us transcendent
 ‘proofs of her unlimited bounty? Should
 ‘we think it more irksome to return our
 ‘unanimous

6 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book I.]

‘ unanimous thanks, than to be daily receiving her favours? Surely not. Ceres loves us, and to her are we indebted for every comfort in life. The fields which she clothes with waving corn, are a plentiful subsistence for the industrious: the whole universe is in duty bound to adore her whose good works are diffused throughout the creation.’

His discourse ended, with the king's permission, he issued orders for the feast to be solemnized. Every year, previous to the beginning of harvest, the husbandmen assemble in the city of Cures, and from thence proceed to the temple, accompanied by the most skilful performers on the flute, the damsels following with baskets on their heads, ornamented with flowers, containing offerings for the goddesses; next to them the children

BOOK I.] NUMA POMPILIUS. 7

children of the labourers, arrayed in white robes, their temples adorned with wreaths of cyanus, leading an animal whom they feed with acorns. This motley group, with pride surveying their victim, endeavour to assume an air of gravity which their clamorous joy denies them. In a slow and orderly pace their fathers reverently close the procession, recommending silence, yet kindly overlooking the impatient sallies of their tumultuous joy, each bearing in his hands a sheaf, emblem of the first fruits of the harvest. Neither princes, warriors, or magistrates claim rank at this great festival, but, with respect, resign all precedence.

TULLUS, attended by the priests, waited the arrival of the people at the entrance of the sacred wood. The young Numa,
crowned

8 NUMA POMPILIUS. [BOOK I.]

crowned with daffodils; and clothed in a lawn robe, marched at the side of Tullus; when perceiving a torrent of tears, which he vainly attempted to conceal, rolling involuntarily down his aged cheeks, his tender heart melted with astonishment and compassion; far less able to sustain the emotions of his soul, overwhelmed on his father's account, than if any evil had befallen himself. Gladly would he have thrown himself into the arms of his beloved Tullus, and demanded the cause from whence his sorrow proceeded: but in the presence of such a multitude, and overawed by duty, he dared not venture; yet did his countenance well express the agitation of his mind. Numa, who had been ever attentive to devotion, now mindful only of his father, was lost to himself, forgetful of his office; and his

ben...

eyes, in watching the pearly grief of Tullus, became dim with his own.

WHEN they arrived at the temple, Tullus prostrated himself before the goddess; and, presenting her with the first fruits, thus addressed her: ' Humane mother, to thy goodness we owe our sincere thanks for the growth of this corn; and it is thy father Jupiter who hath inspired us with piety, and a thorough sense of thy inexpressible benevolence. Accept our prayers, O immortal goddess! and reject not our offerings; continue to replenish the earth; give fresh vigour to our bodies, and fortify our souls with virtue.' After this prayer, he scattered consecrated barley on the victim; and, raising his face towards heaven, the offering was wholly consumed.

C

HAVING

HAVING completed the sacrifice, the husbandmen deposited their sheaves. 'My brethren,' says Tullus, 'these gifts which ye bring to Ceres appertain to the gods; that is to say, to the needy. The priests of the goddesses are only agents to the poor, and ye are the benefactors; and as it is right ye should have a just account of what ye have committed to my care, I desire ye will appoint one of the ancient men amongst ye to watch with me this year.' The labourers knowing the high virtues of Tullus, whose heart never erred, were unwilling to comply with his request; but he urged it so forcibly, they were constrained to consent; and with their choice the ceremony was concluded.

WHAT force of language is adequate to describe the impatience with which Numa
burned

burned to be alone with his father. Tullus no sooner quitted the temple, than this truly filial son clasped him to his bosom, conjuring him, in the most pathetic manner, to inform him why his spirits were thus depressed. 'Alas!' continued he, 'I am too sensible that, at my age, I have it not in my power to relieve any anxiety, that may prey upon your mind. Yet, if you love me, allow me at least to sympathise with you.' 'Oh! my dear son!', replied Tullus, 'for I cannot renounce an appellation which sounds so sweetly on my ear, I have too many things to make known to you: I am going to be separated from him I value more than life.' 'Will you then quit me?' exclaimed Numa, trembling. 'No, my child; no, my dear, much-beloved child: it is thou, on the contrary'——He would have proceeded,

ceeded, but a violent sobbing denied him the power of articulation: then taking Numa by the hand, he hastened him to a more retired part of the forest, and, seating him on a green turf, said, 'Numa, thou art not my son.' At these words, a death-like paleness overspread the countenance of the young man, and his hand trembled in the hands of Tullus. The high-priest, perceiving his perturbation, pressed him to his breast, and added quickly, 'I will still be thy father: it is a name that will ever be dear to me. Attend now to the history of thy birth, and learn to what an exalted station Heaven hath called thee.'

NUMA returned his caresses, and listened with profound silence; whilst his downcast eyes and gloomy air seemed to indicate,

indicate, that no situation on earth, in his idea, could equal the felicity of being son to Tullus.

‘ It was Pompilius, prince of the blood
 ‘ royal of the Sabines, who gave thee ex-
 ‘ istence ; he, whose rare virtues rendered
 ‘ him worthy the notice of the gods, and
 ‘ endeared him to men. The beautiful
 ‘ Pompilia, descended from the ancient
 ‘ family of Heraclides, was his wife. No-
 ‘ thing but a son was wanting to complete
 ‘ the bliss of this happy pair. Pompilius
 ‘ ardently wished it ; and the sensible Pom-
 ‘ pilia, whose whole joy consisted in seeing
 ‘ her husband happy, came every day to
 ‘ the temple, prostrating herself before
 ‘ Ceres, and bathing the altar with her
 ‘ tears, intreating for a son to crown the
 ‘ remainder of her days.

‘ I WAS

' I WAS one morning in the sanctuary
 ' during her orisons. So fervent were
 ' her devotions, that she perceived me not,
 ' and I was witness to the following sup-
 ' plication: "Gracious goddess! if thy
 " father Jupiter has destined me to long
 " life, wilt thou intercede, and request,
 " that he will rather let me perish in the
 " bloom of youth, and suffer me to in-
 " dulse my husband with the fruit of our
 " affections? Yes, immortal deity, take
 " back all the good things thou hast en-
 " dowed me with, withhold all you de-
 " signed for me, and in their stead bless
 " me with a child. What rapture to hear
 " it, see it, take it in my arms, hold it to
 " my heart, kiss it, and present it, suffused
 " with tears of joy, to my husband! Then,
 " if I expire immediately, I shall have
 " lived long enough—I shall die a mother.
 " O Ceres!

“ O Ceres! if thou deignest to hear, and
 “ grant me a son, I swear he shall be con-
 “ secrated to thyself, he shall be taught to
 “ bless thy name as soon as he can speak,
 “ and be educated in this temple, here to
 “ serve and immortalise thee. And, when
 “ Pompilia is no more, wilt thou conde-
 “ scend to be his mother?”

“ I PARTICIPATED with her; and,
 “ kneeling on the spot she had quitted,
 “ added my supplications, beseeching the
 “ goddess to hear our joint petitions:
 “ Alas! how dearly did we purchase the
 “ blessing! A short time after, Pompilia
 “ hastened to inform me of her pregnancy:
 “ Who can express the transports of her
 “ joy? They approached almost to mad-
 “ ness. Jealous and proud to bear the
 “ name of mother, she would suffer no one
 “ to assist her in the pleasing task of pre-
 “ paring

paring for the expected son; and the
 hope of giving him nourishment redou-
 bled the fond wish for his nativity. Now,
 glowing with maternal affection, she vi-
 sited the temple more frequently, to offer
 up her grateful acknowledgments, than
 she had ever done to obtain the first desire
 of her soul.

EIGHT times had Luna performed her
 circuit through the heavens, and the long-
 wished-for hour that was to reward their
 hope near at hand, when Romulus, whose
 name is not unknown to thee, spread
 abroad in Sabinia, that, to consecrate the
 city of Rome, which was scarcely finished,
 he intended celebrating a festival in ho-
 nour of the god Consus. You, my
 friend, know how much that deity is
 adored amongst us. Thy pious mother,
 unwilling to relinquish an opportunity of
 paying

'paying her adoration to the Eternal, was
 'conducted by the assiduous Pompilius:
 'the greater part of our Sabines followed;
 'and their women, decked in garments
 'suitable to the occasion, accompanied
 'them to Rome. Little did our brave
 'citizens suspect the snare which awaited
 'them. Unarmed, they carelessly entered
 'the circus, where Romulus presided on a
 'magnificent tribunal. Their wives and
 'daughters, crowding on each side of them,
 'impatient to behold the sacrifice, cast
 'their eyes around in search of the victims,
 'unconscious that themselves were the
 'devoted.

'ON a signal from the king, the Romans
 'drew their swords and closed all the out-
 'lets. The Sabines, alarmed, threw them-
 'selves into the arms of their fathers, their

18. NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book I.]

brothers, and their husbands, for protection; whilst the furious soldiers belonging to Romulus, regardless of their piercing cries, rushed into the middle of the amphitheatre, sword in hand, fiercely menacing the men: with lascivious looks they seized on the women, and bore them away like savage wolves who had surprised a flock of innocent sheep. In vain did the unfortunate solicit instantaneous death. In vain did our frantic countrymen, forgetting they were without defence, turn upon the ravishers, struggle with them, and, wresting their weapons, stain the earth with Roman blood. The Romans, too numerous, destroyed those who resisted, and, putting the rest to flight, concealed their booty in Rome. The Sabines, aggrieved, wounded and bleeding, returned to Cures, laden with uneasiness and

‘ and shame, there to announce the me-
 ‘ lancholy catastrophe, and prepare them-
 ‘ selves for retaliation.

‘ IN the beginning of the tumult, thy
 ‘ father Pompilius, taking his wife in his
 ‘ arms, attempted to make his way through
 ‘ the crowd : he had scarcely arrived at
 ‘ the gate of the circus, when a troop of
 ‘ Romans pursued him, stopped him, and
 ‘ tore away the beautiful Pompilia. Stung
 ‘ with rage, and on the brink of despair,
 ‘ Pompilius wept bitterly. Suddenly he
 ‘ snatched a sword ; already are those who
 ‘ surrounded him fallen at his feet : wounded,
 ‘ he pursued the object of his soul, striking
 ‘ as he went. At length he overtook, and
 ‘ slew the despoiler ; with his bleeding
 ‘ arms pressed thy mother to his bosom,
 ‘ overjoyed at having regained her. Thus,

' in spite of the cruel Romans, in spite of
 ' their deep-laid schemes, he effected his
 ' escape from the circus, embracing his un-
 ' happy wife ; felicitating himself on their
 ' flight, and endeavouring by every kind
 ' assistance to recal her to life. So the
 ' lioness of Numidia, when she discovers,
 ' at a distance, the indiscreet huntsman
 ' carrying off her whelps; frantic, roar-
 ' ing, her eyeballs strained with blood and
 ' sparkling fire, onward she rushes. In vain
 ' does he leave his booty ; for, in her rage,
 ' she tears him, and strews the ground with
 ' his palpitating limbs. Her revenge now
 ' giving place to affection, with redoubled
 ' ardour she returns to her young, caresses
 ' them : unable to express her joy, she
 ' licks them, her tongue yet reeking with
 ' gore ; and, stretching herself on the
 ' herbage, invites them to her teats,
 ' whilst

‘ whilst her muscles still tremble with her
 ‘ fury.

‘ SUCH was Pompilius. Yet, regardless
 ‘ of himself, although the streaming blood
 ‘ issued like rivulets from his wounds, he
 ‘ hastened to the temple; and, placing
 ‘ Pompilia at the foot of the altar of Ceres,
 ‘ he implored the goddess to protect her,
 ‘ and those under whose care she was
 ‘ placed. His prayer ended, faint, ex-
 ‘ hausted with fatigue and grief, he fell
 ‘ upon the pavement and expired.

‘ I RAISED up thy mother, and had her
 ‘ immediately conveyed to my house. As
 ‘ soon as she recovered her senses, her first
 ‘ inquiries were concerning Pompilius.
 ‘ “Where is he? Carry me to him,” were
 ‘ incessantly repeated. Useless were my
 ‘ endeavours

22 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book I.]

'endeavours to conceal his death, by pre-
 'tending the Romans had taken him pri-
 'soner: the tears which escaped me, and
 'her own forebodings, too clearly proved
 'her unhappy fate. Her shrieks pierced
 'my soul; and, rejecting all nourishment,
 'she fled precipitately from my arms, de-
 'termined to seek out her husband, and
 'expire by his side.

'HER violent exertion, added to the
 'emotion of her mind, hastened thy na-
 'tivity: the pangs of travail surpris'd
 'her: the cruel Ilythes oppress'd her
 'with evils which she was unable to sup-
 'port; and the same moment which gave
 'thee life, consign'd Pompilia to eter-
 'nity.'

At

AT these words, Numa, no longer able to restrain his grief, threw himself on the bosom of Tullus. The old man, perceiving his silver locks wet with the tears of the youth, broke off his discourse to mingle his own with them.

WHEN their sorrow had somewhat subsided, Tullus renewed his narration. 'I immediately sought a nurse, whose care might revive thy feeble existence; for thy lamentable moaning and livid countenance seemed to indicate thou couldst not long survive thy misfortunes. The good Amycla, wife to one of the tillers, offered her kind assistance; and her attention preserved thy life.

'My next employment was, to pay due honour to the remains of thy much-loved parents. I prepared a funeral pile, and assembled

'assembled all the inhabitants of Cures
 'and the adjacent country: our good
 'king Tattius, clad in mourning, conducted
 'the ceremony. Soldiers, citizens, hus-
 'bandmen, all bewailed thy worthy father,
 'and offered up their prayers for the pre-
 'servation of his son. The body of Pom-
 'pilius was burned by the side of his wife.
 'I collected their ashes in a silver urn,
 'which is deposited in a grave in the most
 'private part of the temple.' "I shall see
 "it, dear father!" exclaimed Numa: "I
 "shall see the grave; shall I not be per-
 "mitted to touch the urn so dear to me?"
 'Yes, my son,' replied the high-priest; 'we
 'will go down to it this day.

"THE death of thy parents was amply
 'revenged. Our brave Sabines, full of
 'indignation at the treacherous conduct of
 "the

' the Romans, took up arms, and, led by
 ' Tatius, marched towards the perjured
 ' city. The base ravishers had not reso-
 ' lution to face our army, but retreated
 ' within their walls. Tatius besieged them;
 ' and, happily, soon became master of the
 ' citadel. Romulus, now obliged to fight,
 ' or quit the city, offered battle at the foot
 ' of the capitol, who ought, says he, to
 ' reign over the universe. Tatius ac-
 ' cepted it; and the Sabines, burning with
 ' impatience to imbrue their hands in the
 ' blood of the perfidious, attacked them
 ' with all the force which rage could add
 ' to courage. The enemy were broken;
 ' but Romulus rallied them, and boldly,
 ' though alone, opposed us. In a loud
 ' voice he invoked Jupiter Stator; at
 ' the mention of whose sacred name, and
 ' the brave example of Romulus, the flying

26 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book I.

warriors returned to their charge. Shame
inspired them with resolution : the spears
were crossed ; the swords rang upon the
bucklers : the carnage and horror of the
scene increased : the combatants, pressed
upon each other, could neither advance
nor retreat without trampling on their
slaughtered enemies.

THE victory, long time uncertain, in-
clined on the side of justice. The va-
liant king Tatius, and his dauntless gene-
ral Metius, pierced a second time into the
centre of the Roman army : the earth
was spread with the bodies of the slain :
in the moment when every circumstance
promised conquest over Romulus and
Rome, our hope was checked by a most
unexpected event.

THE

"THE Sabine women, who had been
 " seized by the Romans during the sacri-
 " fice, with their hair all dishevelled, their
 " eyes drowned in tears, their arms stretched
 " out, and crying lamentably, forced them-
 " selves into the middle of the combat-
 " ants, unawed by the javelins tinged with
 " blood, the tumult, or the slaughter:
 " Forbear," they cried, " forbear! cease a
 " contest more impious than even civil
 " war. Ye fight not for us—since every
 " blow ye strike may render us widows or
 " orphans. If ye who gave us life have
 " any love for us, let us beseech you not to
 " destroy our husbands: and ye, who have
 " sworn eternal regard to us, spare those
 " who gave birth to our husbands: re-
 " member, that in our breasts we carry the
 " pledge of our re-union. Your wives
 " (addressing themselves to the Romans)

“ will be Sabines; and your grand-chil-
 “ dren (turning to the Sabines) will be
 “ Romans. Cease then to slaughter each
 “ other, ye who are but one people! But,
 “ if ye are so blood-thirsty ye cannot resist
 “ the impulse, first destroy those ties which
 “ ought to unite you, and on the expiring
 “ bodies of your wives render up your
 “ own existence.”

“ THE fight, the intreaties, the tears of
 “ the women banished resentment from
 “ every bosom. The warriors halted;
 “ and, looking stedfastly at each other, were
 “ astonished to find they had lost all animosity.
 “ The uplifted sword fell not where
 “ it threatened; the javelin was suspended
 “ in the air; and the arrow dropped harmless
 “ from the unbent bow. The arms
 “ were surrendered to the peace-makers,
 “ who

‘ who cheerfully conveyed them away.
 ‘ Each female then taking a Sabine and a
 ‘ Roman by the hand, kissed them alter-
 ‘ nately, and, drawing them together, com-
 ‘ pelled them to embrace each other.

‘ FROM that moment there was a cessa-
 ‘ tion of war and vengeance. The kings
 ‘ spoke: it was agreed that the two people;
 ‘ thus united, should be considered but as
 ‘ one kingdom; and that Tatius and Ro-
 ‘ mulus, presiding on the same throne,
 ‘ should share the sovereign power. They
 ‘ swore a lasting peace; sacrifices were of-
 ‘ fered to Jupiter, the Sun, and the Earth;
 ‘ and the two armies entered the streets of
 ‘ Rome, amidst the loudest acclamations,
 ‘ far more proud and illustrious in having
 ‘ yielded to affection, than if they had
 ‘ gained

‘gained a victory by putting their enemies
‘to the sword.

‘Thou, my beloved; wast ever with
‘me, and thou passedst for my son. I con-
‘firmed the error, since it accorded with
‘my wishes and the vow of thy mother.
‘At the age of four years, thou, clothed
‘in thy robe of admision, didst attend me
‘to the temple, bearing in thine infant
‘hands the golden vessel which contained
‘the incense. Thy meekness and cour-
‘tesy delighted our priests, who envied
‘me the happiness of being thy father.
‘How much have I longed to realize the
‘sweet delusion! My life, these fifteen
‘years, became desirable only to cherish
‘thee; and however great hath been my
‘love for virtue, if thou hast ever seen me
‘practise

' practise it with zeal, I trusted the gods
' would bestow the reward on thee.

' Soon, very soon, did I reap the fruit
' of my care. In thy earliest infancy thy
' good qualities began to disclose them-
' selves. It was never necessary for me to
' inspire thee with generous sentiments;
' they ever dwelt in thy heart. The prin-
' ciples of morality were engraved on thy
' mind, and reason had taught thee more
' than I had learned from experience.
' When I had finished my lectures, I found
' myself instructed by thy reflexions. The
' rules of virtue were, in thy opinion,
' written on the human breast, and those
' who obeyed its admonitions would follow
' the dictates of an unerring monitor.

' WITH

' WITH what secret transport have I
 ' listened to thy discourse, though I dared
 ' not commend thee; fearful, lest I should
 ' implant in thee a vice which disfigures
 ' every good quality! Vanity, O my son!
 ' had she gained admission, would have
 ' erected her empire in thine heart, embittered
 ' thy days, and cast a gloom over
 ' those perfections which will now shine
 ' bright as the meridian sun.

' I OBSERVED thee, with inexpressible
 ' satisfaction, shun the danger. Each succeeding
 ' day improved thee, and thy modesty
 ' increased with thy merits. Moved
 ' by the public voice, and still more by the
 ' indication of my own heart, I believed
 ' myself thy father; and proposed abdicating
 ' the office of high-priest in thy favour.

Our

' Our priests, with delight, perceived my
 ' intention. Three days since, a celestial
 ' oracle interdicted my design. Ceres,
 ' Ceres herself, hath appeared to me each
 ' night, commanding me, in a severe tone
 ' of voice, to make known thy birth, and
 ' to dispatch thee to Rome. In vain did
 ' I prostrate myself before the goddess,
 ' presuming to express my fears, and recall
 ' thy mother's vow.' 'The vow,' replied
 the daughter of Jupiter, 'I accepted not;
 ' Numa cannot be my priest; the Parcae
 ' have called him to an higher office. He
 ' will serve me more effectually on a throne,
 ' than under the shadow of mine altars:
 ' send him immediately to Rome, and let
 ' not thy affection for Numa suffer thee to
 ' oppose the decrees of Heaven.

‘ THIS, my son, caused those tears thou
 beheldst at the sacrifice. Submit we must
 to be separated; Ceres hath ordained it,
 and we must chearfully obey.’

THE tender Numa answered not, but
 looking stedfastly at Tullus, then lifting
 his eyes towards Heaven, seemed divided
 between his father and the gods; but the
 old man encouraging him, he determined
 to proceed to Rome. Then taking the
 hand of Tullus, and folding it gently with-
 in his own, ‘ O my father,’ said he, ‘ thou
 promised I should visit the tomb of Pom-
 pilus, and kiss the urn which contains
 the ashes of my mother.’ ‘ Follow me,’
 replied the high-priest, ‘ thither will I in-
 stantly conduct thee.’

THEY

THEY repaired directly to the temple. Behind the altar of the goddess was a brass door, the key of which was always kept by Tullus : he opened it, and slowly descended a flight of steps, followed by Numa, sighing. Under ground, lighted only by a single lamp, placed on a marble tomb, of simple sculpture, without any inscription, was a silver urn, covered with a velvet pall ; by its side lay a letter, a sword, and a lock of light hair. The moment Numa entered he fell on his knees. Tullus, raising the urn gently, presented it to the young man. ‘ My son,’ said he, in a low voice, ‘ kiss these sacred remains, and touch the ‘ urn which encloses the relics of the best ‘ of mothers, and most tender of husbands, ‘ who are, probably, at this instant look- ‘ ing at thee from the Elysian fields, and

‘preferring thy piety to all the immortal
‘pleasures surrounding them.

NUMA, holding the urn in his arms,
bathed it with his tears; then pressing it
to his bosom, seemed to be reanimated by
the ashes. Oh! with what regret did he
return it to the pontiff, scarcely able to re-
lease his hands from it.

TULLUS placed the urn as before, and
taking up the sword, the letter, and the
hair, ‘behold,’ said he, ‘the blade which
‘protected thy mother and thy country.
‘It was never drawn through passion, or
‘sacrificed any but the enemies of the state.
‘Into thy hands I commit it, trusting
‘thou wilt make the same use of it; and
‘may the mighty Ceres, to whom I con-
‘secrated

'secrated it, cause every one to perish by it,
 'who shall endeavour to embitter thy days.
 'This letter was written by thy mother,
 'the instant before her death : it is ad-
 'dressed to king Tatius, and will be ne-
 'cessary to confirm, at his court, the dig-
 'nity of thy birth. The hair, I scarcely
 'need tell thee, belonged to Pompilia ; it
 'is the lock she offered to Ceres the day
 'she obtained a son. Ever carry it with
 'thee ; it will be an alleviation to thy spi-
 'rits, when thou beholdest the token of
 'pious gratitude.'

AFTER these words, they quitted the
 mausoleum. Numa returned to the house
 of the high-priest, and prepared for his
 departure. He laid aside the lawn robe for
 a toga, which garment added new grace to
 his

33 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book I.]

his person. The holy pontiff looked on him with a sigh : to him the habit announced danger. He banished that idea, and occupied himself in providing for his son. His tender forethought neglected nothing that could be useful : he stripped himself to enrich the youth, and, fearful he might refuse the kindness, he concealed, amongst the garments, the little gold he had saved. ‘ With him, I part with all that is dear to me,’ said he, ‘ and I shall want nothing, whilst he, afar off, will stand in need of every comfort.’

DURING these reflections, the cruel moment approached, the chariot arrived, Tullus ascended the car with Numa ; he accompanied him through the holy forest, giving him, affectionately, his last advice.

‘ PARDON

' PARDON me, my dear son, if I tremble
 ' at seeing thee, at so early a period of life,
 ' quit thy country; and the asylum, where
 ' innocence could never have been cor-
 ' rupted, to inhabit a city dangerous even
 ' to the most experienced. I see thee
 ' without experience, without a counsel-
 ' lor, without a friend; for at thy age,
 ' disinterested friendship is not to be found;
 ' and although we oftentimes flatter our-
 ' selves with the ideal possession, deceit
 ' and ruin confirm the disappointment.
 ' Thou art going to be placed amongst
 ' two people, who, politically united, are
 ' yet divided in character, and consider
 ' each other as distinct nations. Their ha-
 ' tred so far from being extinguished, burns
 ' with more vehemence in the breasts of the
 ' monarchs than the subjects. Tattius, the
 ' best

' best of kings, thy parent and sovereign,
 ' was idolized when he reigned over us :
 ' mild, sensible, a friend to peace ; posses-
 ' sing every virtue, useful or ornamental :
 ' Romulus, on the contrary, to acquire sub-
 ' jects, gave refuge to vagabonds ; Roma-
 ' lus imbibed the cruel manners of those
 ' he first commanded. Passionately fond
 ' of war, devoured by ambition, and a
 ' thirst for gain, by turns attacking each
 ' neighbouring country, his soldiers alone
 ' he esteems, and excels only in victory.

' ALAS ! by a deplorable fatality, the
 ' conqueror is more admired than the best
 ' of kings, and true virtue dazzles less
 ' than false glory. Thou, Numa, wilt not
 ' mistake them ; thou wilt feel how much
 ' superior is Tatius than his colleague, and
 ' wilt

' wilt not abandon thy father's parent and
 ' friend, the avenger of Pompilia, to follow
 ' an untractable conqueror, whose hands
 ' are stained with his brother's blood, and
 ' whose unparalleled treachery caused the
 ' death of thy parents, and the fall of our
 ' country. Even the court of Tatiüs is a
 ' dangerous abode for thee, for the martial
 ' citizens of Rome pardon every foible in
 ' their youth but the want of courage : the
 ' love of fighting, when detached from
 ' other virtues, is not courage but ferocity.
 ' The son of Pompilius cannot deviate
 ' from the path of honour. May thy con-
 ' duct, that unspotted conduct, which
 ' gained thee the protection of the goddess,
 ' ever preserve thee ! Believe me, I have
 ' no interest in debarring thee from plea-
 ' sure, nor am I prompted by the severity
 VOL. I. G ' of

' of age, to paint voluptuousness in false
 ' colours. Nature strongly impels us to
 ' the charms of sensuality ; our sensibility,
 ' alas ! but encreases our propensities ; and
 ' hard must we struggle to avoid tempta-
 ' tion. When thou shalt have yielded to
 ' the guilt, remorse shall sting thy soul ;
 ' that peace of mind, esteem and respect
 ' for thyself, which was wont to be the
 ' sweetener of thy enjoyments, will wholly
 ' forsake thee ; thy humiliated heart, losing
 ' the love of glory, will wither, and thou
 ' wilt ever be tormented with the remem-
 ' brance, that, knowing the road of virtue,
 ' thou sufferest vice to pollute thee.

' A STRANGER to the court, I cannot in-
 ' form thee of its manners ; the duty of
 ' man I well know, and man must be the
 ' same

' same in whatever sphere he moveth.
 ' Always give place to thy superiors : re-
 ' ward merit for its worth, not its situa-
 ' tion : shun the wicked, but seem not to
 ' fear them : be reserved, even with the
 ' most amiable : hazard not thy friendship,
 ' to acquire the name of friend : weigh
 ' well thy words, and act not without think-
 ' ing : trust not the first impulse, unless it
 ' is to relieve the wretched ; then thou
 ' canst never err. Respect the aged ; pity
 ' their follies, and incline thyself to the
 ' unfortunate,

' If the goddess, as my hope is, shall
 ' graciously heap prosperity on thee, inform
 ' me of it ; it will tend to prolong my
 ' days : if Heaven loadeth thee with accu-
 ' mulated adversity, return to me."

THEY now arrived at the end of the sacred forest; the chariot stopped, and Numa, overwhelmed with grief, was unable to speak. ‘Courage, courage,’ cried the old man; ‘weep not, we shall shortly see each other again: it is not far from hence to Rome; thou shalt revisit the temple, and——’ ‘Ah! my father,’ replied Numa, ‘doubtless I shall see thee again; but I would be always with thee, and look on thee each moment of my life. Long mornings will pass without having embraced thee, and the day will end without hearing thy voice. What a blessing have I enjoyed in being with thee! I was not sufficiently sensible of its value, neither have I rendered due thanks to the gods. Now, gracious Heaven!——’

‘COME,

‘COME, my son,’ interrupted Tullus, adding a little severity to the tone of his voice, ‘obey Ceres, and murmur not at her dispensations : must I, who am in the decline of life, encourage thee ? Thinkest thou I am not equally grieved ? Dost thou imagine my afflicted heart——’

AT these words his voice faltered, his strength failed him, and he fell into the arms of Numa, sprinkling them with his tears. As soon as he recovered himself he bid Numa farewell : ‘Thou wilt revisit me shortly, or probably I shall myself fetch thee from Rome. Adieu ! forget not ‘Tullus !’ He then quitted him, and hasted back to the forest.

NUMA, disconsolate, remained with his arms extended, repeatedly crying ‘adieu !’
and

46 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book II.

and following him with his eyes as far as they could trace him; then, giving the reins of his horses full scope, pursued his journey to Rome.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK II.

Numa, on his way to Rome, stops in a wood, where he sleeps, and has a mysterious dream.

—Description of the country of Rome, and the martial city.—He is received by Tatius.

—Character of the king, and his daughter Tatia ; also of Romulus, and Hersilia, daughter of Romulus.—Numa meets Hersilia, and is enamoured with her.—First effects of his passion.—Romulus returns ; his success.

NUMA, with infinite regret, quitted his native land ; ten thousand painful ideas haunted his imagination. ' I leave

' leave my father,' said he, ' at an age when
 ' my assistance would be most essential to
 ' him. I fly from every thing that is dear
 ' to me; the companions and friends of my
 ' infancy I leave, to inhabit a country
 ' where no one will esteem me. I am per-
 ' suaded I cannot long survive it, but shall
 ' pine like the young olive tree, when trans-
 ' planted to a different soil; the balmy dew
 ' and cheering sun shed their influence upon
 ' it in vain; its leaves wither, its branches
 ' droop, and its root refuses nourishment
 ' the moment it is removed from the fa-
 ' vourite spot.'

THE young traveller, depressed with
 grief, had only journeyed two miles, when
 he arrived at the entrance of a wood, whose
 coolness invited to repose. Attracted by
 the

the murmurs of a silver stream winding under the shade, he stopped the horses, and committing them to the care of his slaves, traced the meanders of the brook until he arrived at a fountain consecrated to Pan. Kneeling before the statue, he begged permission to quench his thirst ; and, after he had cooled his burning lips, he seated himself on the green border, where he fell asleep.

DURING his slumber, he dreamed, that at the extremity of the clouds he saw a chariot, drawn by two dragons, flying rapidly towards him. In the chariot was the goddess Ceres, crowned with ears of corn, bearing a sheaf and a sickle, which she placed on his head, and, looking on him with inexpressible benignity, said,

90 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book II.

' Son of Pompilius, I loved thy mother,
 ' and will watch over thee. Whatever thou
 ' wishest shall be granted; tell me then,
 ' what is most thy desire?' ' Ah!' cried
 Numa, without hesitating, ' that Tullus
 ' may become young again, that he may
 ' begin a new life, and that never——'
 ' Thy demand,' interrupted the goddess,
 ' is beyond my power. Jupiter, Jupiter
 ' himself cannot add one day to the life of
 ' a simple mortal. The cruel destinies have
 ' not permitted it: they cut off the sons
 ' of Perseus and of Hercules, children the
 ' most esteemed of the gods, when the Par-
 ' ca, more powerful than my father, chose
 ' they should cease to live. Fortuna wishes
 ' for thyself, and be satisfied that to know
 ' thou art happy, will render Tullus com-
 ' pletely blest.'

‘ Oh then, kind goddess, let me merit
 ‘ his affection, imprint his morals on my
 ‘ heart, and give me wisdom : Tullus hath
 ‘ told me, that is the principal ingredient
 ‘ in happiness.’

‘ I FORESAW thy petition,’ replied the
 goddess, ‘ and have already implored my
 ‘ sister Minerva to impart her gifts to thee.
 ‘ Nevertheless, expect not to become so
 ‘ much her favourite as was the son of
 ‘ Ulysses. No, my dear Numa, no mortal
 ‘ must aspire to rival the divine Telema-
 ‘ chus. It is Minerva’s master-piece, and
 ‘ she herself would not dare to attempt to
 ‘ equal her peculiar work. Happy is he
 ‘ who humbly followeth her footsteps !
 ‘ Thrice happy the young hero upon whom
 ‘ the goddess bestows her regard, and who

H 2

‘ occupies

' occupies the second place in her esteem,
' though far inferior to the sublime origi-
' nal.'

AT these words Numa thought he was conveyed to the temple of Minerva. He endeavoured to discover the goddess; but a golden cloud closed round the sanctuary, and entirely concealed the divinity. Vain were his efforts to pierce the cloud, or to obtain assistance from Ceres: she rejected his prayers, and made signals for him to listen. At that instant he heard Minerva speak from behind the cloud, and prostrating himself on the ground, he perceived Wisdom was instructing him in her various duties: he experienced at the same time a sacred respect, mingled with sweet persuasion. When he lifted up his face to return
thanks

thanks to the deity, the temple and cloud were vanished : he found himself in a green bower, in the middle of a large forest, in which was seated a nymph, cloathed in white, reading with great attention. Peace and sincerity sat upon her countenance : she looked like Astræa contemplating the felicity of mankind. Numa, in a low voice, requested Ceres to inform him what mortal possessed such irresistible charms, and at the name of Egeria every thing disappeared.

HIS surprize awoke him from his slumber. Agitated with so extraordinary a dream, he was some time before he recovered his senses : he examined every thing around him, but perceived only the fountain, the trees, the turf, and spring at the side of which he had slept. Nevertheless
he

he doubted not but Jupiter had ordained the dream; he therefore offered up his vows to the god of thunder, and, having promised sacrifices to Minerva and Ceres, left the wood, and ascended his car.

He journeyed through the country of the Fidenates, and shortly arrived in the Roman territories, which were easily distinguished from the neighbouring countries: the uncultivated earth thinly sown with tares, yields a scanty nourishment to the bleating flocks: here are no reapers gathering presents for Ceres, nor merry gleaners keeping time to the sickle: no shepherd leaning on his humble cot, trusting the sheep to the care of his faithful dog, whilst he attunes the reed to the beauty of Amaryllis, or the comforts of rural felicity.

All

All is silent sadness. The villages are depopulated, a few old men and women only left to deplore the loss of their friends; one weeping for a husband, another for a brother, who were slain in battle. Here is an aged parent dying without consolation, without assistance; no children left to comfort him, his last was enlisted in the army of Romulus. There a mother, who has fled with her only son, fearful lest they should tear him from her arms, leaving her country, her house, and the fields which were her support, to beg her bread amongst those who allow her to retain her child. Affliction, poverty, and desolation every where display their hideous forms, and the subjects of Romulus, since their master learned to conquer, are strangers to happiness or repose.

‘ O IMMORTAL gods ! ’ exclaimed Numa,
 ‘ are these the envied people whom victory
 ‘ hath rendered so formidable to their
 ‘ neighbours ! Behold them a thousand
 ‘ times more wretched than the vanquish-
 ‘ ed. Celestial justice hath certainly or-
 ‘ dained, that the ills which the ambi-
 ‘ tious inflict on others, shall recoil on
 ‘ themselves with accumulated evil.’

NUMA compared the peaceable happi-
 ness enjoyed by the Sabines, the plenty and
 gaiety that reigned in their fields, with the
 barren prospect before him. He remem-
 bered what Tullus had told him concerning
 the war, and prayed Heaven would place
 him under a pacific monarch ; when on a
 sudden he was struck with amazement at
 the sight of Rome : Mount Palatin, the
 ancient

ancient afylum for herdsmen and their flocks, now encompassed with high walls and threatening towers; deep ditches, and inaccessible ramparts impede the entrance: the capitol, which commands the city, and on its lofty summit the temple of Jupiter, all presented themselves to Numa: he looked, admired, and advanced.

THE gates are furrounded by crouds of young warriors in burnished armour, leaning on their spears, erecting their heads to keep back the plumes which shade their helmets. Wherever they glance they inspire terror, and seem to think themselves masters of the world. Numa entered the city; every thing bore the image of war; a continual clashing of arms resounded on his ears. Here are a party of youth en-

gaged in martial exercise; there a prancing courser, subduing to the shrill sound of the trumpet. The metals flow in the furnace; the buckler and cuirass ring upon the anvil; the brass groans under the hammer. It appears as if all the fires of Etna were rekindled at Rome, and the Cyclops were forging chains for the universe.

NUMA, unaccustomed to such confused sounds, was seized with astonishment mingled with fear. Impatient to behold Tatius, he enquired for his palace, and learned it was situated in the most quiet part of the town. The amiable Tatius withdrew himself from the tumult and the troops; preferring the affection of his people to pomp and parade, he was easy of access, and his

doors were more thronged by indigents than courtiers.

NUMA, admitted to the good king, pronounced the name of Tullus, and presented the letter of the unhappy Pompilia. Tatius could scarcely finish the billet, ere he threw himself on the neck of the young man, exclaiming, ‘ O happy day for me, what do I not owe the high-priest for restoring to me the son of my most valuable friend? Yes, well can I trace the features of the brave Pompilius; behold his looks, his mild endearing manner. Thou, I hope, nay, am certain, will esteem me as he did. My age is rejoiced to see thee; I complained to the gods at only having a daughter, and now they have blessed me with a son.’

AT saying these words, he again embra-
 ced Numa, and called for Tatia, his daugh-
 ter. Tatia, less remarkable for her beauty
 than for her meekness, modesty, and affec-
 tion for her parent. She came, and Tatius
 presented her to Numa: 'This,' said he,
 'is thy brother, whom thou oughtest to
 'esteem as the support and prop of my
 'years; the son of Pompilius thou hast so
 'frequently heard me mention. O days of
 'my felicity, how rapidly ye flew! Numa,
 'thou recallest to my mind those tranquil
 'hours, when in Sabinia I was adored
 'as king, father, husband and friend;
 'years imperceptibly glided away, divided
 'between the mother of Tatia, Pompilius,
 'and the high-priest. My family, for so
 'I stiled my subjects, were not more in
 'number than I could govern with justice;
 'I knew

' I knew them, and when with thy father
 ' I frequently visited them, I omitted not
 ' to offer my thanks to Jupiter for hav-
 ' ing thus limited my kingdom. But now,
 ' how cruel the change ! Exiled from my
 ' country, chained to a strange throne,
 ' daily have I lamented my situation.—
 ' Having thee, I will cease to complain.
 ' Thou wilt continue with me, Numa ;
 ' thou wilt restore all I have lost ; thou
 ' may'st, perhaps, by the softest ties, sue-
 ' ceed to my crown, and confirm my hap-
 ' piness. But I shall have sufficient time
 ' to explain my sentiments to thee ; be the
 ' present moment dedicated to the enjoy-
 ' ment of thy company.'

THUS spoke the good king, whose joy
 was rendered more lively by the opportu-
 nity

nity afforded him to display the sentiments of his soul without disguise.

HIS daughter, who had silently listened to their discourse, now raised her eyes on Numa. Struck with his beauty, she observed, with delight, the meekness painted in his countenance, his air of tenderness, and all those graces which in the courteous command esteem. It was the first time Tatia had ever gazed on a young man; she caught herself, blushed, and instantly fixed her eyes on her father.

NUMA, attentive to the good king, bowed himself, promising implicit obedience. ‘Talk not of obeying,’ replied Tullus. ‘I have been king my whole life, without being sensible of the pleasure of
‘com-

' commanding. I was early taught to
 ' know, that we must renounce all preten-
 ' sion to love, if we wish to be feared; and
 ' I ever preferred friends to slaves. Romu-
 ' lus has assisted me in my design; we have
 ' divided the sovereign power. Romulus
 ' has undertaken the command of the army,
 ' the disposition of taxes, and the punishing
 ' of crimes: I, a thousand times more
 ' happy, am charged with the administra-
 ' tion of justice, the diminution of imposts,
 ' and bestowing the rewards due to generous
 ' actions. Oftimes I fear my colleague
 ' will discover the inequality of our tasks;
 ' as yet, thank Heaven, he perceives not
 ' how disproportionate is the execution of
 ' our duties.

' THE warlike monarch, at present, is
 ' on an expedition against the Antemnates.

' That

64 NUMA POMPELIUS. [Book II.]

‘ That he will subdue them, I doubt not ;
‘ never did warrior possess, more than Ro-
‘ mulus, the courage of a foldier and the
‘ talents of a general. His majestic figure,
‘ his presumptive threatening carriage,
‘ more than human strength and invincible
‘ bravery, are not to be compared with his
‘ activity. During a march, siege, or bat-
‘ tle, he is every where ; he disposes, or-
‘ ders, attacks, and defends at the same
‘ time. Neither his head or his arms are
‘ inactive, and what the one suggests, the
‘ other instantly carries into execution.

‘ HERSILIA, his only daughter, accom-
‘ panies him on his expeditions. Never
‘ beauty equalled Hersilia. All the kings
‘ of Latium are enamoured with her, and
‘ have cast their diadems at her feet : the
‘ haughty

' haughty princess hath rejected them with
 ' disdain. From her infancy accustomed to
 ' arms, she hath devoted herself to the ex-
 ' ercises of Pallas. The helmet on her head,
 ' and in her hand a spear, she followeth her
 ' father into battle : the powerful steed
 ' whitens with mantling foam the well-
 ' directed reins, proudly yielding to her
 ' will. Divested of her martial accoutre-
 ' ments, she is still more irresistible ; those
 ' hands which so ably wielded the sword,
 ' with equal grace conduct the lyre, whilst
 ' her melodious voice records to its tuneful
 ' sounds the glorious achievements of her
 ' noble sire, after having shared his dan-
 ' gers.

' SUCH are Romulus and his daughter,
 ' whose brilliant qualities I have not at-
 VOL. I. K ' tempted

' tempted to overshadow. O that I could
 ' bestow greater eulogiums on their virtues !
 ' But heroes contemn them, and esteem
 ' only those who possess the talents of war.
 ' Herfilia, educated in the camp, cannot
 ' divest herself of its severities. Beautiful
 ' as Juno, she equals her also in pride ; and
 ' in endeavouring to acquire the courage
 ' and fortitude of our sex, she seems to have
 ' lost that softness and humanity which cha-
 ' racterize her own.

' THOU now knowest Romulus and
 ' Herfilia, and art qualified to determine,
 ' whether thou wilt fix thine abode in their
 ' camp, or my palace. I will be thy friend,
 ' and, if thou wilt allow me the delightful
 ' appellation, thy father ; but thou shalt
 ' be still thine own master : if thou canst
 ' continue

‘continue to love me and be happy, Tatius
‘will be content.’

NUMA repeated the assurances of his love. His choice is made, his party irrevocably taken : he is determined never to quit the friend of his father, the king of his people, him whom Tullus had pointed out as his model. A thousand times he declared no power on earth should induce him to change ; that he beheld with indifference the allurements of Hersilia, and the glory of Romulus. He swore by all the gods, and the virtuous Tatia, with secret joy, attended to his oaths.

AFTER some days spent in testifying his affection for Tatius, Numa, who had not forgot his dream, learned that the tem-

ple of Minerva was situated in the holy wood called the Forest of Egeria. He sought the wood, which was not far distant from Rome, and surprized at the resemblance of what he had seen during his slumbers, his heart throbbed whilst he traversed the shady arches. A hallowed silence reigned, the breath of zephyr scarcely agitated the tufted elms and ancient poplars, whose elevated heads sustained the recumbent clouds; and nought was heard, save the remote murmuring of their branches, gently pressing against each other,

NUMA advanced towards the temple where he ought to have offered up his vows. His anxious mind called up the remembrance of the nymph he dared not hope to meet, when his wandering eyes discovered
a green

a green bower, such as he had seen in his sleep, and reclined on the turf a female warrior. Her head was supported by her shield; at her side lay a helmet; and the flowing ringlets of her jetty locks carefully falling on her cuirass, added lustre to her beauty. Two darts rested on her arm; an elegant sword was suspended to her thigh; and her robe, tucked above her knee, disclosed her purple buskin, fastened with a golden clasp. Thus the sister of Apollo, after discharging her quiver in the forest of Erimanthus, sought repose on the top of Menale: the nymphs and driads watch around her; the breezes are hushed to silence, and the goddess preserves in her slumbers, that magnanimity of look, which, far from diminishing her beauty, heightens its splendor,

SUCH

SUCH, and more lovely, was the martial maid: Numa, mistaking her for Pallas, fell on his knees before her, and would have offered up his vows, but, alas! the organs of speech failed him. His tongue cleaved to his palate; his mouth remained half opened; his arms extended towards the object he contemplated; his dazzled eyes fixed and motionless,

AT that instant the warrior awoke, and perceiving Numa, started up. She covered her head with her terrific helmet, and shaking her javelin, said with a loud and threatening voice, 'Whoever thou art, rash youth, that hast thus disturbed me, thank the gods that thou art unarmed. Couldst thou defend thyself, this arm should punish thy audacity.'

'O GOD,

Book II.] NUMA POMPILIUS. 71

‘ O GODDESS,’ replied Numa, ‘ let thine
‘ anger be appeased ; I was going towards
‘ thy temple, there to offer up my heart
‘ and vows ; but at the sight of thee, my
‘ trembling legs refused their assistance.
‘ The presence of a divinity overcame an
‘ unhappy mortal ; and, if it is a crime to
‘ behold a goddess, know that my dazzled
‘ eyes could not sustain the appearance.’

THESE words abated the wrath of the
Amazon. Stooping the point of her dart,
she looked on him with a smile ; and as-
sured him she was no divinity. ‘ The great
‘ Romulus is my father ; I am now on
‘ my way to Rome, there to announce
‘ the victory he hath just obtained. Conti-
‘ nue thy road to the temple ; go, young
‘ man, and solicit forgiveness of Minerva
‘ for thy impious error.’

SHE

SHE then struck her shield, and at the sound, her attendants assembled. They brought her fleet courser; she instantly mounted him, and the moment he felt the spur, he fled away swifter than the wind.

NUMA remained rivetted to the spot, in silent admiration. His eyes followed Herfiliä as long as he could distinguish her; when she disappeared he would have followed her. A thousand confused ideas rushed upon his mind. He strove to forget his ideas; as he strove, the more his uneasiness increased; his eyes returned involuntarily to the place she had occupied. He still thought he saw her, still heard her speak. Each word she had uttered re-echoed on his ear; each action was imprinted on his memory. Her majestic

air

air, elegant shape, black flowing tresses,
and the beautiful harmony of her features,
all presented themselves to Numa. Her
charming image was engraved upon his
heart, and reflected in all he saw.

‘AH!’ said he, ‘it is explained; my
‘dream is now interpreted! This is the
‘wood of Egeria: there is the harbour I
‘saw; and the heavenly charmer who has
‘so enraptured me, is, no doubt, Herfilia.
‘O Herfilia! Herfilia! with what delight
‘do I pronounce thy name. Yet, who am
‘I, alas! that I should dare to love thee!
‘To love thee, surely were to contend
‘with the gods. Secretly to burn for thee,
‘and to worship thee, is an enviable lot.
‘Yes, inimitable fair! I will become a
‘soldier in the armies of thy father: I will

'conduct thy steed ; will bear thy javelin :
 'I will be thy shield in battle ; and should
 'the arrow which awaits thee, pierce me
 'me to the heart, I shall exult, in my ex-
 'piring moments, that I died for thee.'

THUS his susceptible heart was absorbed
 in love. Like the bleeding pine-tree whom
 one spark of fire consumes, was Numa :
 the first sensations of affection were no
 sooner implanted, than they diffused them-
 selves through his whole frame. Minerva
 he totally neglected, and with hasty steps
 returned to Rome, following the footsteps
 of Hersilia's horses. With wild looks he
 entered the town, running to and fro with-
 out meeting the object of his researches :
 he dared not to enquire for her palace ; he
 feared to repeat the name at which his soul
 thrilled with rapture.

AT

At length he returned to Tatius; and the first object he beheld, was Hersilia, relating an account to the good king, of the victory obtained by her father, Numa, surprized and delighted, stopped, trembled, and fixed his eyes on the ground. Hersilia, recollecting him, asked Tatius if the young man belonged to his court. 'The young man,' answered the king, 'is my adopted son. His father was the best and most noble of the Sabines. He is of my blood, and is the son of my once much loved friend.' He then ran to Numa, and, perceiving him pale and dejected, clasped him to his bosom. Numa endeavoured to cheer up his spirits. Hersilia looked at him; his paleness disappeared; a modest blush overspread his cheek; in vain he attempted to speak, and when he

would have raised his eyes, they bashfully retreated from so much beauty.

TATIUS, too old to remember the first effects of love, smiled at his timidity : he undertook to plead his excuse, by informing the princess his age, and the manner of his education. He embraced the opportunity to extol the virtues of Tullus and his amiable pupil, bestowing the most exalted praises on the son of Pompilius.

THE princess listened with inexpressible pleasure : she looked on Numa ; the heightening roses increased her charms : she discovered with joy the cause of his disquietude ; and, for the first time, was flattered with having inspired love. As she quitted Tatius, her eyes encountered the looks of
the

the tender Numa ; their looks penetrated the inmost recesses of their souls : Oh how eloquent for both ! Numa wrought to the highest pitch of hope ; Herfilia of love.

FROM this hour, the son of Pompilius was no longer himself. Solely devoted to Herfilia, all the day he sought after her : all the night she filled his dreams. Tatiush he neglects ; Tullus and his lessons are forgotten. Virtue, glory, all that transported his soul, now charmed no longer : his heart, mind, and memory, seem scarce sufficient for Herfilia : his heart incapable of producing any other sentiment than love.

O UNHAPPY young man ! is there no hope of thee ? One day, one single moment,
hath

hath blasted the fruit of many years expectation. Thus the pupil of the venerable Tullus, that example of wisdom, reserved for such exalted honours, becomes the sport of an unbridled passion, the slave of mad desires; throwing away the unbounded gifts of Heaven, to pursue imaginary happiness, the tormentor of life. His courage is cast down, his mind alienated; his bodily strength wasted: he has neither virtue or reason; he will perish, like the lunatic, insensible of the malady which destroys him.

IN the mean time, Romulus, who had slain king Acron, and overcome the Antemnates, returned, with his army, to Rome; and his subjects were employed in preparing a triumph, as an example of
what

what should be done for those who conquered the universe.

KING Tatius, at the head of the citizens, cloathed in white, marched before his colleague. The fire blazed on the altar of Jupiter: the priests and soothsayers followed the conqueror, carrying branches of palm in their hands. The road leading to the capitol was strewed with flowers, the gates and doors ornamented with garlands, and the Roman women, arrayed in their best apparel, take their children in their arms, and endeavour to excite their joy by the most tender caresses, promising again to shew them their victorious fathers.

At a distance is seen the splendid eagles;
a thousand acclamations reply to the sound
of

of the silver trumpets: The army advances ; above them all, seated in a magnificent car, is distinguished the mighty Romulus ; his head decorated with wreaths of laurel ; supporting with his hands a large oak, whereon was hanging the armour of king Acron. Before him marched the family of the vanquished monarch, in solemn mourning, shaking their chains, and overwhelmed with grief. A croud of slaves, bending under the weight of plunder, encircled the chariot ; a band of soldiers followed shouting, whilst echo repeated, " Long live great Romulus !"

He ascended the capitol, surrounded by the people, elated with his success. Arriving at the temple of Jupiter, he sprang from the car, without quitting the oak :

the

the earth trembled with his weight; the armour clashed, and resounded afar off. Romulus marched to the altar, and deposited his trophies before the statue of the god. 'O Jupiter,' cried he, 'deign to receive the first spoils the Romans have consecrated to thee! Suffer this great day to be made manifest in the minds of my people; and may my descendants, after my example, fill thy sacred vaults with the spoils of the universe.'

HAVING spoken this, he seized a fierce bull, which, with one hand, he dragged to the altar; then throwing it upon its knees, he plucked some hairs from its large front, and having offered them, the priests finished the sacrifice.

82 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book II.]

WHEN the victim was consumed, Romulus left the temple, and thus harangued his foldiers : ‘ Romans, of what advantage
‘ is one victory, whilst we have yet so many
‘ enemies ? The Antemnates are conquered,
‘ but the Volscians, the Herniscians, and
‘ brave Marfes, alone worthy of our arms,
‘ have not yet received our yoke. Prepare
‘ yourselves to march against them : this
‘ we call a glorious day ; to-morrow shall
‘ deserve the appellation. I will head you
‘ against the Marfes, to the relief of my
‘ confederates the Campanians. This day I
‘ allow you to embrace your wives and
‘ your children ; but as soon as Aurora, in
‘ her vermeil chariot, ascends the steep of
‘ Heaven, be ready armed in the field of
‘ Mars : your king himself will be there,
‘ and we will teach all Italy that conquer-
‘ ~~ers~~ need no repose.’

THE

THE whole army testified their joy with repeated acclamations. The eagles were conducted to the royal palace, and a chosen guard appointed to watch over the sacred deposit. The soldiers dispersed themselves to enjoy the embraces of their much-loved friends, whilst love and tenderness lengthened out the happy day.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

Numa, desperately in love with Herfilia, is determined to follow her into battle.—Tatius furnishes him with arms, and presents him to the army.—The joy of the old Sabines at beholding the son of Pompilius.—Tatius wishes to attend Numa; but the people, uniting with Tatia, induce him to change his resolution.—The departure of the army.—Romulus joins his confederate, the king of Campania.—Description of that prince's camp.—Romulus separates from him.—The arrival and discourse of the ambassadors of the Marfes.

THE triumph of Romulus confirmed the resolutions of Numa. His soul,
already

already inflamed with love, was now ravished with the pageant. Glory, in its greatest lustre, presented itself to him as the surest means to merit the esteem of Hersilia. No sooner had he conceived this hope, than he burned with impatience to be a hero ; and two passions, either of which were sufficient to transport his noble mind, obtain united possession of his young heart,

TATIUS entered his palace, accompanied by Numa sighing. He would have revealed all his wishes ; but he feared the reproaches of the sage monarch : he looked on him, and kept silence. Like a timid infant, following its mother with unequal paces ; gently it bears upon her garment, and with expressive looks, and trickling tears, intreats to be taken to her arms.

THE

66 NUMA POMPILIUS. (Book III.)

THE good king, who never knew disguise, encouraged him to speak. 'What,' said he, 'my child, oppresseth thee? Thy desires, if they are within my power, shall be satisfied.'

'O MY father,' replied Numa, 'Heaven is my witness, that when I told thee I would devote my life to anxious care for thy age's safety, and to acquire thy virtues, I spoke the dictates of my soul. Since I have seen the triumph of Romulus, unknown passions have taken root in me. The love of glory elates, the thirst of battle devours me. Yes, I am of thy blood; I feel I am the son of Pompilius. At my age, thou, and my father, had gained victories: at my age, your heads were begirt with those laurels I am ambitious

‘tious to obtain : whilst I, the unknown
 ‘son of the brave Pompilius, the friend of
 ‘the valiant king of the Sabines, have slain
 ‘only victims. O my protector ! permit
 ‘me to imitate thee ; suffer me to follow
 ‘Romulus, that I may become a hero, such
 ‘as thou art, such as was my father.’

WHEN he had finished speaking, he
 threw himself at the feet of the old man,
 and bowed down his head to conceal his
 blushes.

‘Assure thyself,’ answered Tatius,
 ‘thou art pardoned. How should I con-
 ‘demn in thee, the sentiments I have che-
 ‘rished in myself ? Alas ! my affection for
 ‘thee would, doubtless, have preferred thy
 ‘choice, had it been to live in serenity and
 ‘peace

‘ peace, under the shelter of my throne,
 ‘ and in my paternal bosom : but I, like
 ‘ thyself, am a Sabine, and well know the
 ‘ alluring charms of glory. Numa, thy
 ‘ courage delights me, though, when I
 ‘ think, at thy early age, how many diffi-
 ‘ culties thou must encounter, I cannot
 ‘ check the rising tear ; for this will be the
 ‘ most perilous war Romulus hath ever ex-
 ‘ perienced. The terrible Marfes are a
 ‘ people of gigantic size, and prodigious
 ‘ strength ; even at this day, they bear all
 ‘ their native ferocity : arming themselves
 ‘ with massy clubs, like Alcides of old, and
 ‘ dip their arrows in poison extracted from
 ‘ weeds which grow on the borders of hell.’

‘ WHAT glory,’ interrupted Numa, rais-
 ‘ ing himself ! ‘ what happiness for thy son

‘ to

‘ to be able to defend himself against such
 ‘ adversaries ! Thou must see I am a favou-
 ‘ rite of the gods, since they inspire me
 ‘ with the desire to follow Romulus in the
 ‘ moment of his greatest danger. O my
 ‘ father ! I am resolved ; thou hast in-
 ‘ creased my anxiety ; and honour will com-
 ‘ mand thee to let me fly to the field of
 ‘ battle.’

A CELESTIAL flame sparkled in his eyes,
 his voice became stronger, his person and
 actions assumed an air of nobility and bold-
 ness. So Achilles, when disguised with the
 daughters of Lycomedes, rushed upon the
 sword of Ulysses, and revealed his sex by
 his undaunted courage.

At this impulse, Tatius shed tears of
 joy ; his extasy over-powered him. ‘ Yes,

'my son,' said he, 'thou shalt fight the
 'Marses, and thy father wilt accompany
 'thee. I will lead thee into battle, and
 'teach thee to act like a hero. Do not
 'imagine that age has drained me of all
 'my strength : this hand can yet direct a
 'dart ; this arm can well support a shield.
 'Nestor, when older than I am, taught
 'his beloved Antiloque to subdue : I am
 'not equal to Nestor, although he esteem-
 'ed me as his son.'

NUMA threw himself into his arms :
 the perturbation of his soul urged him to
 reveal his attachment to Hersilia ; but
 fearing to weaken the good king's opinion,
 by informing him that glory was not the
 leading passion of his heart, he deferred
 the avowal to a future opportunity.

TATIUS,

TATIUS, occupied with his new designs,
 ran to ask the priests of Jupiter for his old
 arms, which he had consecrated to the gods.
 When he beheld them, he felt the fire of
 his youth rekindle. ‘ Oh ! Jupiter, Jupi-
 ‘ ter,’ cried he, ‘ if the blood of my nume-
 ‘ rous victims hath not in vain tinged thine
 ‘ altars ; if my heart hath never offended
 ‘ thee, renew in me, for a short time, the
 ‘ strength I enjoyed when the furious
 ‘ Rhamnes attacked the Sabines at the head
 ‘ of the Herniscians : they contemned my
 ‘ youth ; they defied me in combat ; they
 ‘ hurled a dart of an amazing size, which
 ‘ no man at this day could fling, imagining
 ‘ I should fall to the ground : fortunately
 ‘ I evaded the terrible blow, and rushing
 ‘ precipitately on Rhamnes, three times I
 ‘ plunged my reeking sword in his body.

‘ Oh Jupiter ! deign to allow me a few
 ‘ more glorious days ! Then shall I descend
 ‘ contented to the grave.’

SUCH were the wishes of Tatius. As soon as his daughter heard of his designs, with eager steps she flew to request he would renounce them. Her prayers, her tears are vain ; the unfortunate Tatia is deprived, on a sudden, of all the happiness she had fondly painted to herself. She perceived with sorrow her growing passion for Numa : without complaining, without avowing her grief, she wept the departure of her father, and, her aching soul in secret heaved many a bitter sigh. Herfilia, and the journey alone, occupied the thoughts of Numa. The only arms he possessed, was the sword which belonged to Pompilius.

Tatius

Tatius chose, from the arsenal of Romulus, a bright cuirass of burnished gold; the helmet, still more magnificent, was surmounted by a sphinx, admirably wrought, from each side of which dropped a plume of purple feathers; the shield was composed of seven oxen skins, covered with four sheets of gold, silver, brass and pewter: it was made in time of yore for king Procas by the ingenious Egeon: on the shield was represented the history of the pious Eneas.

PLEASED with these arms, Tatius had them carried before Numa: the sound of them struck terror into the heart of every one, except the young hero, whose passion it redoubled. He contemplated them, and delighted himself with their echo. When he put them on, how great a lustre did

did it add to his beauty. His heart palpitated, his eyes sparkled with courage ; as a young horse, who hears for the first time the trumpeter's sound, rears up his proud head, wide opening his fuming nostrils, waving his main, and by his neighing, answers to the martial clangor that so much enraptures him.

THE marshalled clouds had sealed the stars, all was silent and reposed ; but the young lover knew no rest. Agitated, ten thousand schemes tormented him. He studied over what he should say to Hersilia ; with impatience longed for the happy moment to address himself to her ; his imagination presented various achievements, which would do honour to his courage.

AURORA

AURORA had not yet illumined the eastern sky; Numa, no longer able to suppress his anxiety, equipped himself in armour, and sallied forth to Tatius's palace. The good king, smiling at his impatience, immediately arose, covered his hoary head with a helmet, and putting on his cuirass, which for many years he had not worn, silently quitted the palace, unwilling to take leave of his daughter; so leaning on on the arm of Numa, he marched towards the field of Mars.

ROMULUS, Hersilia, and the whole army were there before them.

TATIUS presented the young warrior to his colleague; Hersilia, gazing at him, blushed. Numa, who had so long prepared

pared an address to Herfilia, was unable to speak ; the moment he beheld the princess, his voice faltered.

THE king of Rome highly commended the zeal which Numa so evidently disclosed. As soon as he learned the history of his birth, he presented him to the body of Sabines, who formed the left wing of his army. ‘ Sabines,’ says he, ‘ I introduce to
 ‘ you a young hero, who proposes to enlist
 ‘ himself under your banners : he hath a just
 ‘ claim to share your affections ; he par-
 ‘ takes of your blood—It is the son of Pom-
 ‘ pilius.’

AT the mention of Pompilius, the air rang with shouts of joy ; all the Sabines quitted their ranks, and flew to Numa.

Metius

Metius, Valerius, and all the ancient warriors, covered with scars, by turns clasped the son of Pompilius to their bosoms.

‘To thy father,’ said one, ‘I am indebted for all I enjoy.’ ‘He saved my life,’

cried another. ‘He was our benefactor,’

exclaimed they unanimously: ‘Oh! enter,

‘enter into our army, son of the most

‘equitable and courageous of men; come,

‘fight under our shields; our arms and

‘hearts are wholly thine.’ ‘King of Rome,’

continue they, addressing themselves to

Romulus, ‘we request that you will ap-

‘point him our commander; under him,

‘as under his father, we shall be invincible:

‘may he be our chief, and be called Pom-

‘pilius; we will be answerable for the vic-

‘tory.’

‘YES, my brave friends,’ answered Tatius, who arrived in the instant, ‘doubtless
 ‘he shall command, and I will be witness
 ‘to his achievements. With him, with
 ‘you, my old inestimable companions, who
 ‘perhaps will yet acknowledge me, will I
 ‘I fight : in the field of honour we shall
 ‘again meet : there your king shall make
 ‘his last campaign ; should his strength
 ‘fail him, ye must carry him in your
 ‘arms.’

At these words the joyous shouts of the
 people reverberated in the air ; they encir-
 cled their ancient monarch, and embraced
 his hands : ‘O best of kings !’ said they,
 ‘we will endeavour to prolong thy days ;
 ‘with our bodies we will defend thee from
 ‘danger. Alas ! if thou art snatched from
 ‘us,

‘ us, who shall make our posterity happy ?
 ‘ Come, teach the son of Pompilius to imi-
 ‘ tate his worthy father : we will instruct
 ‘ the people how much they ought to va-
 ‘ lue a good king.’

TATIUS could only answer them with his tears : he stretched out his arms to the oldest of his friends, whom he pressed to his bosom, and recounting their exploits, requested they would bear the same love for Numa he had ever borne for them. At this pathetic sight, Romulus, Romulus himself was affected ; he proclaimed Numa Pompilius commander of the Sabines. Innumerable acclamations overpowered the shrill sound of the trumpets ; and the haughty Herfilia felicitated herself in secret, that he was joined to the people with whom she always fought.

THE army was all in readiness ; the signal to march was prepared, and Tatius had just finished his charge to the discreet Messala to administer strict justice during his absence, when a crowd of disconsolate subjects threw themselves at his feet.

‘ WHEREFORE,’ said they, ‘ dost thou
 ‘ abandon us ? We have two kings who
 ‘ ought to be our fathers, yet are we left
 ‘ like orphans. We are accustomed to the
 ‘ absence of Romulus ; but thou, our good
 ‘ king Tatius, who lovest us, and who art
 ‘ always with us ; why, at this period, dost
 ‘ thou quit us ? Who, in thy absence, will
 ‘ render us justice ? Who will sympathize
 ‘ with our afflictions, or comfort us under
 ‘ our misfortunes ? When victories are
 ‘ gained with the blood of our citizens,
 ‘ thou

‘ thou wilt soon know it : the fathers, the
‘ unhappy infants, and mourning widows,
‘ will seek refuge in thee. On thy neck
‘ will they weep, and thy kind condolance
‘ will mitigate their sorrow. What shall
‘ become of the unfortunate, if, instead of
‘ having thee to console them, they are in
‘ constant fear for thy safety ? Alas ! what
‘ seekest thou in battle ? What is wanting
‘ to thy glory ? We revere thee as a god,
‘ as a father we will cherish thee : what
‘ greater honours can victory procure thee ?
‘ Will you, to make slaves, abandon thy
‘ people ?’

THUS spoke one of the sages, and Ta-
tius was drowned in tears. He looked at
Numa, then at the old warriors. Numa
and the warriors cast themselves before him,
and

and joined their prayers to the supplications of the people. Tatius hesitated no longer, but throwing away his helmet and spear, embraced the old man who addressed him, crying out, 'It is done ; the greatest glory I can possess is to render myself useful to my people. For the grave only will I quit them.'

THE affectionate Tatia, who had concealed herself in the crowd, now rushed forward to testify her joy : 'Thou hast not yielded to my tears, but I knew these thou couldest not refuse. It was I assembled them, and informed them of the danger which awaited thee ; and I am far from possessing a particle of jealousy at the preference thou hast shewn them.'

TATIUS

TATIUS caught his daughter in his arms, and kissing the starting tear from the eye of Numa, bid him farewell; recommending the Sabines to preserve and defend the treasure he had committed to their care. Tatia, whose eyes were rivetted to the ground, could scarcely command her voice sufficiently to wish him all the happiness and glory he merited.

At length the signal was given, and the good Tatus heaved a sigh as the army filed off. Numa, at a distance, waved his hand, and the people, with transports of joy, accompanied their king back to Rome.

THE army was divided into three columns. The first consisted of the Roman legions, who acknowledge Romulus only
for

for their chief. Romulus hath no fixed station, but mounted on a Thracian courser, is constantly changing his place, leaving the care of the legions to the old Hostilius, whose son has since been king of Rome. At the side of this warrior marched the brave Horace, whose three sons, fifty years afterwards, subdued the town of Alba by their victory over the Curiaratii. Massicus, Abas, Servius, the young Misenus, and valiant Talassius, are of the first rank, having signalized themselves by carrying off the spoils of some renowned enemy. These brave Romans lead the van in march, and form the right wing in battle.

THE second column is composed of the Latins; amongst whom we find the Laurentines, the Fidenates, those of Fellene, Aracia,

Aricia, and ancient Politore. All these were conquered by Romulus, and now pride themselves on the defeat which has gained them the name of Romans. Of their chiefs are Azilas, Orimanthus, Feraline ; Ladon, ' son of the nymph Perenna ; and the handsome Nipheus, born in the fruitful Canentum ; Cynirus, priest of Apollo, who bears on his helmet the laurel and bands sacred to that god. This body of infantry always occupy the center of the army, both on the march and when engaged.

THE brave Sabines form the third column, and are the left wing of the army. Metius resigned the command of them to the young Numa, and at the decline of life became a private soldier ; but his age, his noble actions, silver hairs and scars,

will ever insure him respect, independent of his dignity. Merius from the ranks gives the word of command. After him is heard the wise Catillus, the formidable Coras, Tarnais, Talos, and the valiant Gallus, grandson of the river Abaris and the amiable Astur, who was educated on the borders of the fountain of Blandusia, and supposed to be admired by the fierce naiad Ufens; his bushy beard, painted of various colours, concealed half his face. All these warriors followed Numa.

COVERED with sparkling armour, between love and extasy almost frantic, Numa, mounted on a beautiful steed, white as the snow on the lofty summit of Mount Taurus, advanced at the head of his people: the impatient animal rebounded under his master,

master, with his feet beating the earth and air.

HERSILIA was seated in a magnificent chariot, armed like Pallas, and beautiful as the queen of love ; on her brilliant helmet was fixed her crest, the Roman eagles, a golden quiver hung on her shoulders, and in her hand she held the bow of Pindarus, which Eneas carried into Italy, and transferred to his grandson Romulus. The sage Brutus conducted her chariot : Oh ! how much did Numa envy him his situation. Numa, whose eyes were ever fixed on Hersilia, marched at the side of her chariot. He equalled the amazon in beauty, but accustomed to the habiliments of war, they added more grace to her person. Thus Apollo, and his sister Diana, armed, ran

over the mountains of Cynthus, both equally formidable, both dazzling the eyes of the spectators. A presumptive proud air was impressed on the countenance of the daughter of Latona; meekness, on the contrary, was the leading trait of Numa.

WITH eager steps the army advanced towards the borders of the Liris, and the country of Auxence, where they were to join the king of Capua; but being obliged to cross the country of the Herniscians, Romulus sent heralds to gain permission to pass, which the king of Herniscia refused.

‘ I AM not,’ says he, ‘ a confederate of
 ‘ the Marfes; or Romans : if your enemies
 ‘ were marching towards Rome, I should
 ‘ not suffer them to shorten their road by
 ‘ passing

‘passing through my territories; therefore,
‘ought I not equally to prohibit you? In
‘my opinion, by adhering to neutrality, I
‘act with justice.’

ROMULUS trembled with passion at the
answer. ‘Oh! imprudent king!’ exclaimed
he, ‘thou shalt know how dangerous it
‘is, not to declare thyself between two
‘such powerful enemies. From this day
‘thou shalt become the conqueror’s.’

HE was obliged, however, to defer his
vengeance, in order to take a long wind-
ing road to gain the frontiers of the
Marfes; he hastened over the Cimbrian
mountains, where the Anio takes its rise.

THE long and toilsome march fatigued
the army, but was useful to the young war-
riors :

rriors: Numa, above all, dearly learnt the noble art. Instructed by masters equally capable with the Sabines, enflamed with the love and presence of Herfilia, at the end of his journey, he had all the experience of an ancient warrior. Without ever having fought, he well knew how to fight; he fixed his eyes on the heroic maid, impatiently waiting for her to give the signal. With inexpressible transport he beheld the approach of his enemies.

At length they arrived on the borders of the Liris, a river which separates the Marfes from the Eques and Herniscians. The king of Capua, at the head of thirty thousand men, had been encamped three days. The moment he perceived the van guard of the Romans, he drew out all his army

in battalick order ; a thousand instruments welcomed the approach of his confederates.

ROMULUS commanded the trumpets to sound, and arranged his warriors opposite to the Campanians ; then advancing towards the king of Capua, the two monarchs embraced each other, vowing eternal friendship. Romulus, impatient to be acquainted with the soldiers who were to fight with him, surveyed all the ranks.

HE had not proceeded many steps, when his ears were assailed with a unanimous request, whether the Campanians dare smile in his presence, or harangue when under arms, and exhibit a want of discipline which greatly excited the wrath of Romulus. He regarded them with a severe eye, with
pity

pity listened to the generous crowd, who were exposing their ignorance, without deigning to return them an answer; but knit his brow when he perceived old soldiers commanded by young officers, and all their cuirasses glittering with gold and silver. He seized a splendid buckler, the weight of which seemed to fatigue a young Campanian warrior: the king of Rome held it at the extremity of his fingers, and reddening with passion, perused an amorous device. He snatched the spears from some of the soldiers, and breaking them in pieces with his hands, he asked them, with an ironic smile, what were the use of such arms?

WHEN he arrived at the Campanian camp, he dived into every part of it. How great was his indignation, when he entered the

the magnificent tents, from whence issued the sweetest perfumes; he found baths, beds, all the inventions and refined luxuries of the world assembled. Here are public diversions, where the chiefs of the Campanians pass their nights, injuring their health, losing their fortunes, and too frequently their honour. In places still more infamous, were parties of courtesans, almost as numerous as the army, keeping an open school of vice, alluring and detaining the young men in the bonds of contaminated beauty, damping their courage, extinguishing their vigour, and delivering them up to their enemies, without either glory, virtue, or strength; disgraceful luxuries, destructive idleness, and disgusting debauchery, predominating every where.

THE king of Rome precipitately quitted the camp. He took the king of Campania by the hand, and without speaking, conducted him through the ranks of the Roman army. A profound silence reigned; attention and respect sat on their countenances; each warrior, steady at his post, watching his chief, and ready to obey his orders. Iron and brass shone around: if gold or silver ornamented any arms, it was those of princes, or generals, whose birth or merit claimed the distinction. Neither women nor jewels occupied the vacant part of the camp; but horses to replace those that were killed, arms to supply those that were broken, and necessaries for the wounded. Each soldier carried his tent, provisions, and arms; yet not any of them were fatigued either with their baggage or their march.

THE

THE valiant king walked slowly through the middle of his army, silently observing the king of Campania ; and taking the javelin from the last soldier in the rank, put it into the hands of that sovereign : the weight was too great for the monarch ; he blushing, let it fall on the ground. Romulus thus broke the silence.

‘ KING of Campania, I leave thee to
 ‘ judge, whether thy troops and mine can
 ‘ with propriety fight under the same
 ‘ standard: the fierce lions, and timid
 ‘ lambs, are not accustomed to be united :
 ‘ Thy army will weaken mine; the Romans,
 ‘ who are habituated to attack their enemies
 ‘ with energy, will, in defending their con-
 ‘ federates, lose half their power. A great-
 ‘ er danger still awaits me ; the infected air,

Q 2

‘ which

' which prevails in thy camp, will penetrate
 ' to mine ; and the heinous luxuries, more
 ' dreadful than the plague, will enervate my
 ' soldiers ; and instead of gaining the vic-
 ' tory, I shall most probably myself become
 ' a prisoner. King of Capua, I highly va-
 ' lue being allied to thee ; yet I must con-
 ' fess, the glory of my people is far dearer
 ' to me. If it is thy wish we should conti-
 ' nue friends, let us instantly separate :
 ' Remove from me thy dangerous camp,
 ' and if thou canst not force thy subjects to
 ' behave like men, at least prevent them
 ' from corrupting others.'

Thus spoke Romulus ; and the young
 Capi, son to the king of Campania, a prince
 worthy to be a Roman, was so much affect-
 ed with shame, he had not courage to look

at

at the king. His father, discouraged with the ascendancy which a great man hath over an indifferent king, begged Romulus would instruct him how he should act, promising to adhere strictly to his advice.

‘I KNOW,’ answered Romulus, ‘that
‘the Samnites are on the march to relieve
‘the Marfes; they must take the town of
‘Auxence in their way, and Auxence is in
‘thy power; go thither, throw thyself
‘within its walls in case of an attack.
‘Only take a third of the forces with thee,
‘send the rest under the command of the
‘most able of thy generals, to meet the
‘Samnites, giving him strict charge not to
‘hazard a battle with those dreadful peo-
‘ple. Thy soldiers could not possibly re-
‘sist them, but by avoiding a conflict they
‘will

' will harrafs the Samnites, and prevent
 ' their joining the Marfes. In the mean
 ' time, I will attack the latter, and with my
 ' father's affiftance, doubt not of gaining
 ' the victory ; thus their inevitable ruin
 ' will in one day decide the war.'

WHEN Romulus had finifhed fpeaking,
 the young Capis threw himfelf at his feet,
 faying, ' Oh ! king, whom I admire and
 ' refpect equally with thy father Mars,
 ' deign to allow me permission to fight un-
 ' der thy colours : with what pleasure
 ' fhall I instruct myfelf in the duties of a
 ' hero. Ah ! where fhall I find a perfon fo
 ' able to advife me as thou art. Know, thou
 ' fon of a god, that being properly moulded
 ' by thee, I, in my turn, may be able to
 ' train up my father's fubjects : yet the
 ' glory

‘glory of making them act as Romans, to thee, not to me, will be due.’

THE king of Rome, delighted with his speech, raised him up, and instantly appointed him to the command of a Roman cohort. Capis, far more proud of being an officer under Romulus, than prince of Capua, kissed his general's hand, took leave of his father, and flew to occupy his station. At the same time, the king of Campania departed for Auxence, attended by ten thousand warriors; the rest, conducted by a Greek, who served under the king of Capua, marched towards the Samnites; and Romulus, who was impatient to begin the war, wished to fix his camp that night on the other side of the Liris.

Just

JUST as he arrived at a narrow part of the river, which he was preparing to cross, he was met by three ambassadors from the Marpes, with venerable countenances, long beards, which flowed over their bosoms, their heads bald or thinly scattered with white hair; in one hand they held a club, in the other a brilliant arrow.

THE eldest advanced towards the king of Rome, saying, ‘ What have we done to
 ‘ offend thee ? Have we ever aggrieved
 ‘ thy land ? Have we ever threatened
 ‘ thy city ? What dost thou ask ? Who
 ‘ art thou ? What wilt thou have ? The
 ‘ king of Campania attacks us by claiming
 ‘ imaginary rights on our state, and he shall
 ‘ be severely punished : thou canst not have
 ‘ the same pretence ; we know thee not ;
 ‘ neither hast thou ever before seen us.
 ‘ We

' We possess not any thing that can possi-
 ' bly excite thy concupiscence. Dost thou
 ' know what the gods have ordained to be
 ' the gifts of the Marfes ? Oxen, a plough,
 ' a club, and a *cup* ; these serve both to
 ' regale our friends, and revenge our ene-
 ' mies. To the former we give the pro-
 ' duce of our plough and oxen, and from
 ' our cups we drink libations to Jupiter ;
 ' with our arrows we destroy our enemies
 ' at a distance, and with our clubs we
 ' crush all those who have the rashness
 ' to approach us. Now, king of Rome,
 ' it is with thee to chuse the cup, or
 ' arrow. They say thou art the son of a
 ' god ; do then good to mankind : if thou
 ' art only a man, tremble to attack those
 ' men who are equally strong, and far more
 ' equitable than thyself.'

‘TREMBLE, I never did,’ answered Romulus, with his eyes full of indignation; ‘I came to the relief of my confederates, and not to contemplate on the justice of the cause. I am the son of Mars, and not of Themis. Return, old man, to thy people; there announce the war: leave me the arrow; it is the most acceptable present I ever received, as it tells me I shall combat those, whose courage is worthy the exertion of my strength.’

HE then snatched the arrow from the old man, whose eyes for some minutes had been rivetted on Romulus; then turning them towards the Heavens, as if he implored them to bear record of the justice of his cause, retired without uttering a syllable.

ROMULUS

ROMULUS immediately crossed the Liris,
and fixed his camp on the Marfyan ter-
ritories.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

B O O K IV.

*The Marfes afsembled to appoint a general.—
 A difagreement arifes between them.—It is
 decided, that whichever of the candidates
 can break a poplar tree, fhall be elected.—
 The young Leo is the conqueror, but refigns
 the command to an old man.—The army,
 during their march, fall in with Romulus.
 —Disposition of Romulus.—Numa's hu-
 manity : he offers up facrifices to Ceres,
 and releases his prifoners.—Ceres caufes
 Anciles' fhield to fall at his feet.—Leo,
 during the night, befieges the camp of the
 Romans : fets fire to it, and defeats Ro-
 mulus.*

IN the mean while, the Marfes were af-
 fembled in the holy foreft of Marrubie,
 sincerely

sincerely hoping for peace, though preparing for war. The senate, who govern the free people, had already sent to their confederates, imploring their assistance. All the young men had taken up arms: upwards of twenty thousand warriors, with clubs, or arrows in their hands, were impatiently waiting the return of the ambassadors.

SOON they arrived. Uneasiness sat on their brow: with slow steps they advanced in the middle of the assembly: every person crowded around, interrogated them, eagerly waiting for their answers. 'Prepare your clubs,' exclaimed they; 'Romulus has chosen the arrow: he has already pitched his camp on our territories; he has dared to speak to us of the yoke.' At this speech, a cry of indignation issued around: the army, enraged

raged, begged to have permission to march immediately; but the old men checked their ardour, and desired they would remain, till their confederates arrived, and that a general was appointed, who was able to oppose the king of Rome.

MANY warriors offered to obtain that honour, among whom was the valiant Aulon, descended from Cacus, who, instead of a sword or dart, carried an axe of such a prodigious size, that not any of the Marfes could lift. Penthus, equally active with either hand, was a grandson of the unfortunate Marfyas, father to the Marfes; Liger, who in swiftness surpassed the stag, his arms were only a sharp iron quoit, which he throws with such dexterity, that it never fails giving the fatal blow; and Apollo's disciple, the amiable Astor, whose immense shield, terminated

minated by three long points, fixed in the earth : behind the iron fence is the ingenious Astor, drawing the arrow that the god of Delos taught him to dart : these haughty pretenders all wished for the command. The soldiers esteemed them equally ; some asking for Liger, others for Penthus ; the cavalry wished for Aulon ; the archers asked for Astor.

THE four heroes darted severe looks at each other ; they burnt with indignation ; discord predominated. Each extolled his birth and achievements, humiliating their rivals. The reviled darted in the middle of them, threatening and defying them ; Astor seized his arrow ; Penthus balanced his dart ; Liger prepared his quoit ; and the ferocious Aulon his dreadful axe.

SOPHA-

SOPHANOR, the eldest of the senators, rushed in between them : ‘ What are you going to do ? ’ cried he ; ‘ are you going to insure the Romans the victory, and deprive the Marses of their defenders ? Does the vain glory of being a commander excite your ambition beyond the love of your country ? Oh Heavens ! What is to become of the country, if its most worthy children take up arms against each other ! Do not imagine any personal interest animates me ; I am not displeased at your wishing to aspire to a rank that is probably due to my services and age. Glory consists not in governing our equals, but in conquering our enemies : each drop of blood spilt on another occasion, is injuring the state. If the thirst of blood so much devours you, that you cannot

' not wait the arrival of the Romans, turn
 ' your spears towards me. I have lived
 ' too long, to behold heroes, and brothers,
 ' ready to seize each other by the throats.
 ' Strike, Marces——Hold——first hearken to
 ' my advice : your bravery is equal : your
 ' birth——your exploits are equal : it is these
 ' great gifts of Heaven that are the cause of
 ' your contentions. You want a commander;
 ' then let the strength of your body decide
 ' that, which the inequality of your courage
 ' never can. Let an iron chain be fastened
 ' to the top of that ancient poplar, and
 ' whoever, by pulling the chain, breaks the
 ' tree, or bends it to the ground, be ap-
 ' pointed our general.'

THE whole army greatly applauded
 him : the competitors laid down their

arms, and swore to Sophanor, that they would obey whoever was appointed. In the instant four of the Marses climbed to the top of the poplar, and fastened a long heavy chain : dreadful was the sound of the unfolding links.

THE elders were there to decide the victory ; the trumpeters ready to give the signal, when they heard a voice, and perceived a young Marse, with a tall majestic carriage, advancing towards them : meekness and nobility were expressed in his countenance ; dressed in a rich lion's skin, the golden claws crossed his bosom ; the head of the animal, with its beautiful white teeth, composed his helmet ; buskins half covered his legs ; on his arm he carried a club, armed with iron points.

Young

Young and handsome as Apollo, stately as
the god Mars, nimbly he walked to the
middle of the assembly, and looking respect-
fully at the elders; thus addressed them :

‘ WISE senators, as I thought prudence,
‘ and the talents of a warrior, were the ne-
‘ cessary accomplishments of a general, I
‘ dare aspire to the hopes of succeeding to
‘ an honour of which my age scarcely renders
‘ me worthy. I understand you have declar-
‘ ed the strongest shall be the commander :
‘ permit me to offer myself a candidate. I
‘ cannot, like my noble rivals, pride myself
‘ on my pedigree. Marses, I have no fore-
‘ fathers ; but this lion’s skin, with which
‘ I am cloathed, covered Alcides the Great ;
‘ and with this club he slew the hydra : these
‘ are all the pretensions I have to nobility :

§ 2. — and

and my courage and strength is all that tempts me to the experiment. The Romans shall give their opinion of the one; you, Marses, deign to judge of the other.'

THUS spoke the magnanimous Leo. All the army seeming much delighted, the five candidates drew lots, who should have the first chance. Pentheus was first, then Astor, Liger, Aulon, and Leo last.

THE trumpets sounded: the valiant Pentheus seized the chain, and shook it hard, but the root never moved. Pentheus, quite enraged, his strength exhausted, overheated and vexed, left the chain, and ran to conceal himself in his battalion.

ASTOR, the amiable Astor, followed, but so impatient to gain the prize, that he entirely

tirely forgot invoking his master Apollo. The god, displeased at his disciple ingratitude, denied him all assistance ; and in the field the beautiful Astor was deprived of half his strength : in vain did he endeavour to pull the chain to him, for the leaves were not even agitated.

LIGER, full of joy, eagerly leaped towards the tree ; so passing one hand through the ring of the chain, and with the other grasping it above his head, collecting all his strength, he gave it a most violent jerk. All the leaves of the tree were in motion ; they blew about, as if agitated by a gale of wind : but Liger, drained of his strength, could not redouble it. The leaves soon returned to their former places, and the valiant Liger retreated with much slower steps than what he went thither.

THE

THE eyes of all the spectators were fixed on Aulon, who next advanced : he threw down his shield and cuirass, amusing himself for some moments, displaying his broad shoulders, and nervous arms. Twice he walked round the tree, looking sternly, then suddenly laying hold of the chain, as high as he could possibly reach, attacked it with all his strength. The poplar gave way ; its head bent down ; the whole army was congratulating him, when on a sudden it sprang back with great velocity, raised up the alarmed Aulon, who remained suspended for some time, balancing at the will of the poplar ; obliged to yield, he leaped on the ground, foaming with rage.

It was now Leo's turn : he advanced, addressing himself in a low voice to Hercules :

cules : ‘ Oh ! son of Jupiter,’ exclaimed he, ‘ deign to recollect the hospitality thou didst receive from the grandfather of my dear Camilla ! Look down on me from the Heavens : one generous look will encourage, and fill me with strength ; conqueror, or conquered, I vow ever to adore, and offer up my sacrifices to thee.’

HE had scarcely finished his supplications, when he felt fresh vigour animate his whole frame. Through the first ring of the chain, he placed his feet ; then taking hold of it as high as he could reach with his hands, and assembling all his strength, bent down the head of the poplar, more slowly, but much lower than what Aulon had done. Pleased with the hopes of succeeding, he reiterated his powers, again implored the assistance of Hercules, and resigned himself

to his instigation, when the tree gave way : he broke it, and with the chain fell to the ground, the prodigious head of the poplar being quite buried in its branches,

THE populace and army shouted. Leo was by the senate proclaimed conqueror. Leo raised himself, and leaped from the mass of broken leaves, thus addressing the soldiers : ‘ Companions, I am your general ; you have sworn to obey the strongest, but strength gives way to wisdom. I, doubtless, shall command you, but Sophanor will be my commander. Sophanor has taken the field much oftener than we have seen battles : by his experience shall our courage be guided. Let Sophanor be your commander, Leo your supporter.’ When he had thus said, he prostrated himself before Sophanor, requesting his orders.

THE

THE Marses astonished, thought in Leo
they beheld a god. Sophanor shed tears of
admiration : ' No, my child,' cried he,
' it is thou who art to be our chief.
' Ah ! what will not the Marses do,
' when headed by another Alcides ? My
' son, thou hast not despised my years ;
' thou hast not dishonoured my grey hairs.
' Go, in victory will the gods reward thee.
' I foretell, and I return thanks to the gods,
' that they have left a little blood within
' my shrivelled veins, to spill at thy side,
' and a little voice to celebrate thy praises.'

' My father,' answered Leo, ' it was for
' thee alone I tried the experiment, that thou
' mightest triumph : the gods granted the
' victory. I beg and intreat you to head us ;
' if my prayers are not sufficient, remember

VOL. I.

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' thou

THE

‘ thou hast sworn obedience, and I order
‘ thee to conduct me.

THESE words determined the old man; he accepted the command, but exacted, that Leo should be his colleague. They were by the army both proclaimed. Soon Sophanor appeared, vested in an ancient armour; his age, venerable appearance, and long white beard, inspired every beholder with respect: his colleague struck all with terror. They jointly arranged the troops, disposed the march, and only waited the arrival of their confederates.

They arrived. The Pelignians, the Amiternes, the natives of Frentania, and Caracene, all descended the Apennines, and joined the Marfes. Sophanor, to give the depart-

departing signal, hoisted in the air the image of a dragon, which the Marfes followed into battle.

BUT a horrible prodigy impeded and much affected the army. An eagle appeared in the middle of the heavens, holding in his terrible talons a bleeding dragon, panting for breath, writhing, and contending with it, lancing his treble dart, and endeavouring to wound the bird of Jupiter. The foldiers immoveable, filently waited the event of the combat. In a few minutes, the victorious eagle, with his terrible beak, penetrated the green skin of his enemy, and dashed it into the middle of the battalions belonging to the Marfes.

WHAT an omen for their warriors! Leo, who observed them all pale, seized the first

bow which presented to his sight ; he marked the victorious eagle, followed it in the clouds with his eye, and shooting it with a steel arrow, it fell at his feet. ‘ Thus,’ exclaimed he, ‘ will I batter the Roman eagles ; thus will I protect those they wish to enslave. Fear not, Marses : the best augury is the justice of the cause ; you fight for your country, but it is ambition that fires Romulus. March : I am persuaded the gods will incline towards us.’

HIS sentiments and manners chased fear from every breast. The Marses re-animated, the air re-echoed with their cries : under Leo’s direction, they imagined themselves unconquerable ; all full of hope and joy, proceeded on their journey.

IN the plain of Lucence, bounded on the north and east by hills, and on the south and west by forests, they met the Romans. Romulus, master of the wood, had erected his camp on the borders of the forest. Sophanor and Leo placed their's at the foot of the mountains : the river Fucin divided the two armies.

ROMULUS immediately advanced to the water side, to examine the position of his enemies : he examined and compared the ground they occupied with his own, computing the measure of the plain, not the smallest bush escaped his notice : he sounded the river, making himself acquainted with the part that was fordable. Thus certain of his observations, he returned to his tent, assembled his chiefs, and informed them,

NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book IV.]

them, that on the morrow, at the dawn of Aurora, he should attempt to cross the river. His captains expressed great surprise. Romulus, in very few words, explained the order of the attack ; the place where each should fight ; his intentions, if conqueror ; his remedy, if driven back : he convinced them, he had all disposed for a victory, and guarded against a defeat.

His old generals admired him : Numa was so delighted, he could not contain his transport. The day he so long wished for at length arrived ! The happy moment offered for him to declare himself worthy the affections of Hersilia ! The passionate lover flew to the Sabines quarters ; he surveyed their tents, calling each chief, each soldier by their name. He proclaimed the battle ;
embraced,

embraced, caressed them; he, fighting, counted the hours that were to pass previous to the commencement of the combat: so much was he enflamed, that he murmured against Romulus, for not attempting the passage that night.

WHILST Numa, without reserve, was indulging his agitated sentiments, he perceived a detachment of Romans, whom they they had sent to surprise a town, enter the camp. Alas! this cruel commission was too well executed: the Romans brought with them wives, children, and old men: the hands of these unhappy people were tied behind them; they marched with their heads bent down, their eyes bathed in tears; the mothers, daughters, and husbands, timidly behold each other, without daring to speak:

vain

vain are their endeavours to approach, to mix their tears. But the savage soldiers denied them that happiness : with threats they urged their lingering steps, shewing their lances, and bleeding irons. What barbarity ! They were far less inhuman to the animals, whom they conducted with the captives : they cruelly used the old men and women, but cherished the cattle.

NUMA could not support such a sight. He quitted every thing, to fly to the assistance of the unhappy. He soon arrived at the royal pavilion, where, stunned with the noise of the flock, he threw himself at Romulus's feet. ' Oh ! my king,' exclaimed he, ' observe the horrors committed in thy name ; behold the unfortunate, driven from their asylums, laden with irons, and abused. Ah ! what have they done ?

' What

‘What are their crimes? Ah! cast down
 ‘thy enemies, sacrifice those who resist,
 ‘let blood flow in battle; there the cru-
 ‘elty will be excused: but to attack the
 ‘wretched, who cannot resist; to conquer
 ‘old men and women; to insult those who
 ‘are subdued, is a cowardice, a barbarism,
 ‘that the immortals ought to punish. Son
 ‘of a god, it is thou, who art to see justice
 ‘done: deliver up the captives; send
 ‘them to their houses; render up their——’

‘Young man,’ interrupted Romulus,
 ‘I pity thy ignorance. Those slaves, those
 ‘flocks, belong not to me, but to my
 ‘warriors; it is the recompence of their
 ‘bravery, labour, and blood. Before I
 ‘think of humanity due to my enemies, I
 ‘must behave with justice towards my com-
 ‘panions. I ought to divide the slaves

‘ between my chiefs ; provided they have
 ‘ not cause to complain, the lot will regu-
 ‘ late the division.’

‘ WELL !’ answered Numa, raising from
 his former position ; ‘ am I not one of thy
 ‘ chiefs, and should I not be a partaker ?’

ROMULUS acknowledged his right.
 They brought him the urn of distribution :
 all advanced to share the spoil, like a pack
 of hounds, who have hunted down a young
 stag, they respect the victim while the master
 is present ; but with eager eye, the wide
 mouth gluttons, impatiently wait the deli-
 very of the prize, between fatigue and joy,
 panting for breath.

CERES, who watched over Numa, and
 from the heavens applauded his humanity,
 Ceres

Ceres gave directions for the division of the spoil, and caused the greatest lot to fall to Numa.

NUMA, attended by his prisoners, and their flocks, marched towards the thick forest, which environed the camp. There, on the turf, he erected an altar, and covered it with wood, to consume the victim. Choosing a white heifer, he bathed the horns with milk, and slaying it, put it on the log; he then addressed the following prayer to Ceres, before he approached the fire:

‘ Oh ! daughter of Jupiter, to thee I offer
 ‘ this victim : let wretchedness ever be
 ‘ my attendant, if I imagine the blood of a
 ‘ heifer sufficient to attract thy assistance.
 ‘ It is not murdering an animal that pleases
 ‘ the gods : I am well persuaded, the relief

' of one unhappy mortal affords them more
 ' delight than a hecatomb. Receive then,
 ' Oh Ceres, an offering more worthy of
 ' thee.' Then turning towards the cap-
 tives, he told them he gave them their li-
 berty : ' You were stripped of all your
 ' wealth ; the little I possess, I desire you
 ' will take : take all the flock ; divide
 ' them between you, return to your houses,
 ' and ever bless and praise the name of
 ' Ceres, for it is to that goddess you are
 ' indebted for your delivery.'

WHEN he thus spoke, the unhappy
 people remained with their heads bowed
 down, their hands clasped together, not
 able to persuade themselves but that they
 were dreaming, when Numa spoke again.
 A celestial flame descended on his head,
 winding

winding three times round, then set fire to the log, which supported the victim. The wood immediately crackled, and blazed; its flames ascended towards the heavens; the thunder clapped, the clouds were broke, and a golden shield fell at Numa's feet; at the same time a loud voice, like the shout of an army, pronounced the following sentence: 'Whoever is the possessor of this shield, shall ever be unconquerable. Numa, the gods watch over thee; thou hast pleased them; thou hast resembled them, in exercising the talent of humanity.' Then the thunder ceased; the air was calmed; the victim was consumed to a cinder; an ambrosial odour diffused around, announced that it was a divinity which had been speaking to Numa.

NUMA,

NUMA, who had till now been prostrated, arose; his heart filled with that pleasing comfort, of having acted well. He took up the celestial shield, and examined it; it was of pure gold, hollowed in the manner of the Thracians: on it was admirably wrought all the remarkable events which happened during the reign of Astræa; of that excellent reign, more erased from the minds of men, than any other; because nature is prone to bury good actions in oblivion. On one side was represented, the people grievously afflicted by a famine, receiving the half of their neighbouring countrymen's wealth: there were brothers unanimously diminishing their patrimony, to raise a field for the orphans whom they met. Farther off was the father of a family, at the head of his children, reaping,
secretly

secretly plucking the ears of corn from the sheaf, to strew the gleaner's road. The celestial shield throughout represented actions of beneficence and virtue. The almighty artificer, no doubt, judged it right, that humanity should form the principal ingredient of a warrior.

WHILE Numa surprised, was observing so admirable a work, the captives whom he had preserved, formed, at his feet, a portrait worthy to be imprinted on the celestial buckler. On their knees, before Numa, with their arms stretched towards him, they demonstrated by their tears, and faltering accent, the acknowledgement of their great joy. the mothers lifted up their young children to behold their deliverer; their husbands assembled to kiss his garment; the
old

132 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book IV.

old men all portended, that the happiest destiny would attend him ; all bathed in tears, blessed him, when the oldest man, forcing through the crowd, reclining on a knotty stick, thus addressed himself to Numa :

‘ MAY the gods, young man, return
‘ thee all the good thou hast done us ! we
‘ have never been enemies to thy people :
‘ we are poor shepherds, living on the high
‘ mountains which separate the Marfes and
‘ Hernisces, independent of those two peo-
‘ ple, though frequently oppressed by
‘ them ; we told the soldiers of Romulus
‘ so, who, though persuaded we were not
‘ enemies, treated us as such : thou, on the
‘ contrary, who didst think we were, be-
‘ haved to us like brothers. Go, the gods
‘ will

‘ will protect thee : perhaps they may try
 ‘ thee, but thou shalt never fall. Farewell ;
 ‘ recollect the Rheates, thus shall we call
 ‘ ourselves : shouldst thou ever deign to visit
 ‘ our mountains, thou wilt hear our grand-
 ‘ children blessing and praising the name of
 ‘ Numa.’ After having thus spoke, the
 old man retired to preside at the division of
 the flock that Numa had given the Rheates,
 whilst the young hero, withdrawing him-
 self from a repetition of their acknowledg-
 ments, took up his golden shield, and big
 with thought, entered his camp.

HERSILIA now had sole possession of
 his thoughts. His heart, mingled with
 hope and joy, was entirely devoted to love :
 in spite of himself his footsteps led him to
 the princess’s tent. When he arrived at

the door, he had not resolution to enter the threshold. He stopped, sighed, and trembled to go farther. This warrior, who on his arm carried a shield, which rendered him unconquerable ; the hero, who, without an atom of fear, would dive into his enemies camp, dared not raise the purple veil that inclosed the pavilion of his beloved.

At length he lifted up the veil. His timid eyes sought the princess : she had quitted her tent. Numa became more bold ; he advanced with steadier steps, pierced into her sanctuary ; in every corner he thought he saw her. Here lay her arms, her golden lyre : there her garments, and the lion's skin on which she takes her repose. Numa remained motionless ; he dared not touch

touch a single thing, or even turn his head. A languidness seized him; he had not strength to support himself; he, trembling, rested himself on a seat, which Herfilia had previously occupied. He breathed the same air that Herfilia had, which infatuated him: his reason strayed, his breast is oppressed, and a torrent of burning tears overflowed his face.

ON a sudden, a myriad of voices resounded in the camp; the trumpets sounded, a fearful noise re-echoed from Romulus's quarter, 'Herfilia, Herfilia herself!' the air troubled, the horses dispersed, arrived, crying 'to arms!' She, with precipitation, laid hold of her helmet and darts, and without shield or cuirass, was for immediately returning to battle. 'Ah!

‘princess,’ exclaimed Numa, stopping her,
 ‘I go to prepare the Sabines for an at-
 tack: accept this shield, the gift of a
 ‘mighty goddess; in covering of thee,
 ‘it will defend my life.’ When he had
 thus spoken, without waiting her answer,
 he left the celestial shield, and ran to fetch
 his brave soldiers.

It was Leo who had caused this alarm:
 As soon as he perceived he was so near the
 Romans, he formed the scheme of attack-
 ing them first. ‘Wife Sophanor,’ says he
 to his colleague, ‘rest assured Romulus will
 ‘attack us to-morrow; it is to our glory
 ‘to prevent it. As soon as the evening star
 ‘appears, I propose to quit my camp, at-
 ‘tended by three thousand men: I will
 ‘swim across the river, fire and death shall I
 ‘carry

‘ carry to the very tent of Romulus ; and
 ‘ if success crowns my enterprize, I shall
 ‘ meditate one more important.’

SOPHANOR embraced him, and went with him to chuse three thousand Marfes, armed with short swords, helmets without feathers, and their shields blackened : whose prowess deserved the honour, to march with Leo. As soon as darkness had suspended itself over the earth, Leo crossed the river, arranged his soldiers in proper order, encouraged, excited, and endeavoured to inspire them with bravery equal to his own ; his soldiers, though pressed on each other, kept the most profound silence, and prepossessed with a certain idea of subduing under such a commander, marched with a quick light step towards Romulus’s quarters.

THEY

THEY arrived at the van guard, put them, and all they met, to the sword, before they could resist; without being stopped or discovered, they attained the tent belonging to Romulus; shouting, and overturning all they met, they carried slaughter and consternation to the door of the royal pavilion.

ROMULUS was alone in his tent, meditating on the attack for the morrow. At the first rustling he started up, listened, and foamed with rage, when he distinguished the cries of the conquerors. Furious at having been surprised by the barbarians, he quickly put on his helmet, took up his shield, seized his two darts, and rushed into the midst of the slaughter. He flew, he struck! he called! His thundering
voice

voice re-echoed at both ends of the camp. His warriors ran in crowds; Horace, Misenus, Brutus, and Abas, arrived armed; and found their valiant king alone, resisting their enemies. His heavy hand had already daunted the courage of Ophaltes, the brave Aulastor, Sopharis, and Corineus. The honour of pursuing Romulus cost Pentheus, the unhappy Pentheus, his life. His dart pierced the cuirass of the king; but that of Romulus pierced Pentheus's heart. The Marfes, struck with astonishment, felt their ardour abandon them; they no longer endeavoured to attack, but defend themselves: pressed on all sides, they sought after, and asked for Leo.

LEO, who had penetrated into the apartments of Romulus, appeared in the instant,

in

in one hand holding a club, in the other a blazing faggot. At the sight of him, the Romans stopped, and the Marpes shouted for joy. The spirited Leo flew to the head of them: he hurled his firebrands amongst the Romans tents; with rapidity the fire kindled, the cloth blazed, the wood crackled. The fire ravaged too slowly; Leo, therefore had recourse to his club: he darted through the flames, sacrificed Abas, Massicus, and Tiber; Talassius fell at his fatal blow. The brave Misenus, for an instant, stopped him, but he soon trampled his body under his feet. Fire and death were Leo's attendants; the rapid flames traversed the roads, like the burning lava which descends from the summit of Mount Ætna, deluging the adjacent country; shrubs, trees and rocks consuming, float down the rolling conflagration.

AT

AT the sight Romulus shook his dart, threw his immense shield over his shoulders, and walked over the massacre, to oppose Leo. He joined him, but his rage deprived him of articulation. With sparkling eyes he sought the place to wound him; then balancing the strongest of his darts, and exerting all his strength, he flung it against Leo. The skin of the lion of Nemea would have been pierced, and that blow, perhaps, might for ever have decided the achievements of the young hero: but the dart belonging to Romulus, falling against the heavy club with which Leo struck the Romans, it penetrated into the knots and points of iron, with which it was armed, and forced it out of its master's hand.

LEO disarmed, stopped, and looking round him, perceived a stone of an amazing

254 NUMA POMPILIUS: [Book IV]

size; he seized it, raised it above his head, and darted it towards his enemy. ROMULUS struck, fell under the stone; his warriors ran and disengaged him. The king could no longer support himself: bruised, bleeding, his head reclined, his arms hanging motionless, without strength, and almost deprived of life, he was carried into his tent, just at the moment Herfilia and Numa arrived at the head of the Sabines, to assist him.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

